

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE RACE ACROSS THE EARTH

THE WONDER RACE OF THE CLOUDS

STUPENDOUS TEST OF MACHINES AND MEN

Forty Planes Like a Flock of Migrating Birds

FIRST ACROSS THE WORLD

Like a migrating flock of birds about forty aeroplanes are taking wing from England to Australia.

From all over the world 64 machines were originally entered for this race across half of it. We entered 16, U.S.A. 21, France seven, Holland five, Australia four, New Zealand, Italy, and Sweden two apiece, and Denmark, Germany, India, Portugal, and the Irish Free State each signified that with one machine they hoped to have the honour and glory, and the £10,000 McRobertson prize, for covering the 11,300 miles between Mildenhall and Melbourne in the shortest time.

How short that time will be nobody can tell within a day or more, even when they have the last record made by Mr Kenneth Waller and Mr Bernard Rubin to guide them. These two fliers, going over part of the course between Port Darwin and Lympne, covered the distance in 8 days 12 hours.

A Vision of the Future

But with so many competitors and so many machines of different types, days rather than hours may be chipped off the record. Several of the aeroplanes can speed for long distances at more than 200 miles an hour. Some of the pilots have shown that they can navigate for two or three days on end. Divide 12,000 miles by 200 and the successful plane might reach the goal in three days, allowing 12 hours for stops.

That, however, seems more like a vision of the future than the present. As the planes drive through the air, with the globe rolling over below to meet them, with night following day like the flapping of a dark wing, they will cross every kind of land and sea, from the Alps in Europe to the deserts of Arabia and India, and will meet every kind of weather.

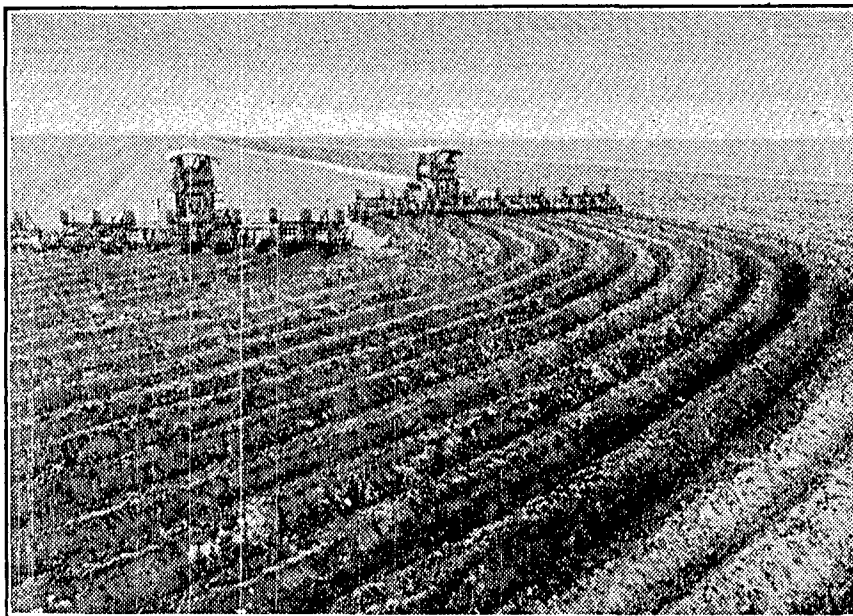
The Route

They will drop in at aerodromes on the way which most of the competitors have never seen, and the unfamiliar way to them will have to be picked up by chart and compass. The prescribed route is from Mildenhall to Marseilles, then to Rome and over Athens to Aleppo and Bagdad. Bagdad is the first of the official control points.

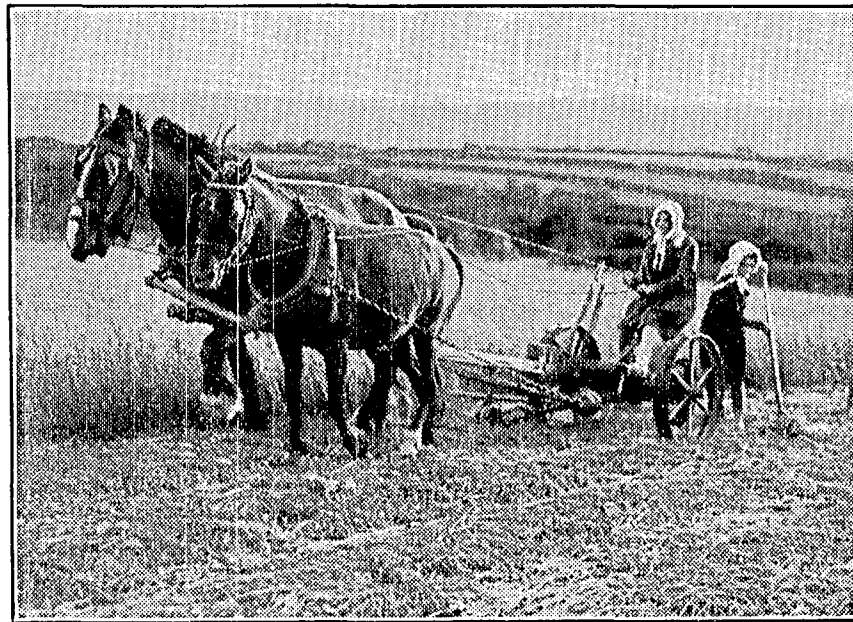
From there the planes must make for Allahabad, with optional landing-grounds at Bushire at the top of the Persian Gulf, Jask at the lower end, Karachi on the coast of India, and Jodhpur in the north-west.

Allahabad to Singapore is the next stretch, though not necessarily the next

Big Farms or Little Farms?



Mechanical ploughs at work on a big farm



Which is better for England—the little farm run by a family or the big factory-farm on which most of the work is done by machines? This question is dealt with in an article on page 7.

lap, for there are likely stops at Calcutta, Rangoon, Bangkok, and Alor Star in Malaya. Then from Singapore the flying-men will hasten past Sumatra to Batavia in Java, and after that, with a possible stop at Rampang, or Kupang, will essay the last hop over the perilous Timor Sea.

That should bring them to Port Darwin, the control station in the Northern Territory of Australia, and the rest of their journey across the Australian continent is marked by the possible alighting stations of Newcastle Waters, Cloncurry, and Charleville, last of the control points. Between Charleville and Melbourne is one more aerodrome at Narromine, but we can imagine that any with a chance of the prize will hasten by to the last landing-ground.

If the winner's time is a matter of guesswork the name of the winner is an impossible speculation. Mr Mollison, Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, Mr C. W. A. Scott, Captain Neville Stack,

Mr Parmentier and Mr Moll, the Dutchmen (who know more of the route than any others), are all mentioned.

But storms and chance, such as some of these know well, may wreck the hopes of any of them. Those who know the aerodromes will have a considerable advantage; but this race, by far the longest ever held in the air, will be a test of men as well as machines.

The fact that so many have entered is eloquent of the rapid progress made in flight. It is only a few years since one of our London papers was scoffing at Lord Northcliffe's £10,000 prize for the first flight to Manchester. It is only a quarter of a century since Bleriot flew from Calais to Dover. Today there are more people flying the Atlantic than swimming the Channel. Tomorrow the flight to Australia will be a scheduled journey for which we shall take tickets, and this race to Melbourne brings tomorrow nearer.

CHEAP JAPAN

TRADE BUILT ON CHILD LABOUR

The Bitter Tragedy That Lies Behind the Things in the Shops

THINK BEFORE YOU BUY

It is not our custom or our policy to advocate the boycott of the products of any country, but we would very much like to urge C.N. readers to think seriously when they buy articles made in Japan.

We are told that a certain Japanese firm has introduced into the markets of China and the newly-formed State the Japanese have seized from China; a cheap car, and is now going to introduce it into the Indian market. The price will be £50, and it will be equipped with all the necessary fittings. It will travel up to a speed of 45 miles an hour and will do 45 miles to the gallon.

Cameras can be had for a shilling, complete with film packs; bicycle tyres for 6d; and a fountain pen for 4d.

It is only by the use of sweated child labour that some of these things can be produced at these ridiculous prices.

A Loan on Wages

The explanation is given by a man who has devoted many years to the study of labour conditions in Asiatic countries.

Most of the basic industries of Japan (he says) are controlled by about half a dozen extremely wealthy families. About 14,000 agents are at work recruiting child labour. Their method is to offer the parents a loan on the wages to be earned.

A girl of 15 taken to a factory under this system might earn about 10d a day. The child workers live in dormitories attached to the factory.

This system is not dealt with by legislation, although some authorities are trying to stop it. After spending one loan the parents ask for another, and consequently the children have no money of their own. But it happens that they are offered overtime work at ridiculously low rates.

Working at Twelve

The average time now worked, according to recent statistics, is over nine hours a day. Overtime is done additionally, but there is no real check to what extent. The employment of children under 14 is prohibited in certain occupations, but if a child has finished the elementary school course he may take work at 12.

It is estimated that nearly half of the 60,000 factories in Japan are producing the cheap goods which are flooding the markets of Europe; and we may well ask ourselves if it is true that in buying goods made in Japan we are doing two horrible things—paying for the policy of Militarism on which Japan is embarking, and enslaving little children in the factories.

PIONEERS

A VANLOAD OF GOOD PLAYERS

Idle Men Who Have Found a Very Good Thing To Do

ENTERTAINING THE UNEMPLOYED CAMPS

In these days of swift travel so many surprising things occur that the unexpected becomes part of one's daily life. Therefore it was with a feeling of slight astonishment only that we saw a van draw up at our door bearing the exciting inscription of

FROM LONDON: UNEMPLOYED DRAMATISTS

Out of it jumped a little band of unemployed men who, under the courageous leadership of Mrs Edwards, have been touring Wales and the West of England, visiting camps and centres for the workless, to present entertainment, free of charge, which they have themselves initiated.

Courage was needed for this venture, as they had no money and no professional training to equip them, and they had to rely on their own enterprise to carry them through.

They wished to show how enforced leisure can be used profitably for worthy ends and the development of latent gifts; they also wished to follow the lines of the first Strolling Players and produce their own work in their own words and in their own way.

In an Old-Fashioned Garden

So they have given performances in all sorts of strange places; in lofts and barns, in outdoor camps and clubs; they have slept on the floor of any shelter that offered, though gratefully accepting better accommodation when this was available.

They soon made themselves at home in the old-fashioned garden in which we gave them tea. They had not had much time or opportunity for a meal during the day, so they were glad of food; but what their hostess noticed with delight was the fact that it was the little garden and the sweet herbs in it which gave them most pleasure.

"Now, this is a garden," said one, burying his face in a bunch of rosemary, sweet briar, and verbenia. "These are the things no garden should be without."

"Mignonette, lavender, lemon balm, and thyme," said another, who held all these in his hand. "Oh, they are delicious!"

Red Roses

They passed with content, these Londoners, from plant to plant, and one of them begged for a red rose. He was given one; all of them had roses. One, the youngest of the band, paused and, looking down at his own, quoted softly:

*Out of his mouth a red, red rose,
Out of his heart a white,
For who can say by what strange way
Christ brings His will to light.*

It was no doubt His will that brought these workless men to this old garden in the West of England on that summer's day, to taste the joys of colour and fragrance and renew the memories of childhood and happiness that seem somehow to be inseparable from them.

When they left in their van to journey on in the quest of happiness for others, their hostess went with them part of the way to show them the right direction, and the last sight she had of them was of happy faces and hands waving bunches of sweet herbs.

BACK TO THE SEA

Another example of wilful waste has occurred in Brittany.

There was a dispute between local sardine packers and the fishermen of Douarnenez. The result was that the day's catch of 200,000 sardines was thrown back into the sea.

OUR BUILDINGS

A LOOK-IN AT OLYMPIA

Some Ideas at the Great Exhibition

HOUSES OF SILENCE

At the opening of the Building Exhibition at Olympia, which for a fortnight in September attracted thousands of visitors to London, a master builder took the chair. It was Sir Gilbert Scott, who has done so much to beautify England, whether by the design of a cathedral or of a telephone box.

There has rarely been held a more encouraging exhibition, for the long-awaited turning of the tide has caused a new impetus in building and in the inventions of all kinds of improvements to the modern house.

It was cheering to see so many good designs of steel-framed doors and windows, staircases, hearths, and lamps. Some new flats, which will be built next year in Westminster, were shown on a small scale. They will have low rents, and as they are being fitted with most of the essential furniture the furnishing will not be a serious item.

The Bugbear of Noise

One house was built entirely of steel, with a steel staircase; but most visitors preferred the cosier-looking buildings roofed with shining sea-green or brown pantiles. The skylights of these houses are made of glass pantiles so that the symmetry is unspoiled.

Fighting the bugbear of noise is producing many inventions. One of the chief attractions at Olympia was the glass silk, the beautiful new material used as an insulator. The bundles of crystalline strands, each a thousandth of an inch thick, are shot with glacier greens and greys and seem to have been spun out of icicles. Air is one of the best insulators, and the widely-used cork boarding contains masses of bubbles of air. There were also sound-proof bricks, each perforated with 65 holes. Noise penetrates them, but it is broken in passing, and so well is sound kept in the rooms (as well as out of them) in an experimental house which has lately been built that the wireless has had to be toned down.

Muddled Town-Planning

New Homes for Old was an exhibit attracting thousands. By means of photographs and models visitors saw for themselves the unnecessary ugliness and sordidness caused by muddled town-planning.

"Susannah Row, 1829" was the name written up on a slum alley which only two months ago was a familiar sight in Shoreditch. It was lately taken down during a clearance, and most of the alley, except some of the brickwork, was lifted bodily and brought to the exhibition. As they peeped into the ill-lit rooms with poor furniture and looked with horror at the dark and dingy backyard crammed with rubbish and broken crockery many people exclaimed in amazement at such living conditions. It is good to know that the war on the slums will not end until the evil has been abolished.

MOVING A BRIDGE

Charing Cross, Please Copy

Most visitors to Vienna know the Reichsbrücke, a bridge that is over 1100 feet long.

It has proved too narrow for modern traffic, so it was decided to lift it bodily from its foundations and build on its site a suspension bridge 77 feet wide, twice the width of the Reichsbrücke.

When the lifting of the bridge took place all Vienna turned out to see its removal, members of the Government among them. The bridge was successfully moved a distance of 85 feet.

LONDON ENDS A SCANDAL

THE NEW ROAD TO DOCKLAND

Viaduct Over Rail and Water Which Saves Time and Money

MILLIONS WELL SPENT

Roads through the open country are comparatively easy to build, marshes and rivers proving the most serious obstacles in our land.

We have no doubt that when the Romans drove their great roads through Britain they made short shrift of any clusters of wattled huts that stood in the way of their famous ruler-edged Straight Way.

But building an arterial road through a town of bricks and mortar, with railway lines on the surface and the hundred-and-one service pipes underground, is a problem which has had to be met in the last few generations. The builders of the newest of these roads, which has just been opened in the London dock area, had on occasion to copy the methods of drastic Roman engineers and sweep away hundreds of small dwellings that stood in the way of their planned route.

A Blessing in Disguise

Such a clearance of dwellings by the road engineer is frequently a blessing in disguise. Older readers will remember how beneficial was the Kingsway and Aldwych scheme from this point of view, and, though few alive remember its construction, all Londoners wishing to make haste from Westminster to the Mansion House appreciate the foresight of the men who built Queen Victoria Street, which completes Sir Joseph Bazalgette's remarkable Embankment.

The new road has cost £3,000,000, twice as much as was spent on the Embankment. It is 60 feet wide, and is carried over former level-crossings on a viaduct. Before this bridge was opened the roads to the docks were a scandal in wasting time, and one of the most serious obstacles to lorries entering or leaving the docks was a narrow swing bridge. The new road sweeps over the water, and queues of vehicles are no longer delayed by the passage of slow-moving boats. All who use the King George the Fifth Dock, which can accommodate liners as big as the Olympic, the Royal Albert Dock, and the Victoria Dock will bless the vision that inspired the building of this road, for at the least it will save 20 minutes in every hour.

And the inhabitants of West Ham will benefit too, for new houses have been built specially for those citizens whose houses were demolished, the Port of London Authority having given up large areas of land for their building.

DOES AN ELEPHANT KNOW THE TIME?

An interesting story reaches us from Moulmein, the centre of the timber industry in far-away Burma. It suggests that an elephant has some idea of time.

The elephant is used a great deal in transporting logs of wood from place to place. Usually it is one log at a time the animal carries in his trunk; sometimes he might manage two. The hours of work are fixed, and in the case of one particular elephant work ceased at 5 p.m.

The owner, thinking he would make extra money by staying on a little later, took the elephant to a log of wood, but to his astonishment the elephant refused to touch it, pushing it aside and beginning to groan. At last he was led away to his rest, but the next morning he went straight to the same log and lifted it cheerfully. He had made his protest and was ready to work again.

THE BOY IN SEARCH OF HIS MOTHER

And the Mother in Search of Her Boy

A VERY STRANGE STORY

A strange story has just had a stranger sequel in Melbourne in Australia.

Early in the year a stowaway arrived in one of the American liners that go to Australia. He gave his name as Roy Penberthy and stated that he had been adopted when he was four months old by a couple who lived in Cornwall. Since then he had lived in many countries, but he had heard that his mother was living in Australia and, as a desperate measure, had stowed away in an attempt to find her.

A man who also had lived in England in the tiny Cornish village from which Penberthy came visited him and examined him carefully. He was able to mention many features of that place, and the man was convinced that his story was correct.

But, in spite of much publicity that was given to the story, the mother was not traced, and Penberthy was deported from Australia and returned to America.

Newspaper Cuttings

The other Cornishman was, however, still unshaken. He wrote to his home, enclosing cuttings from the Australian papers. These, in turn, were published in the local newspaper, and a resident sent them to a British sailor serving on a China station. This man cut them out and sent them to his mother in London, and *this woman was the sister of the mother Penberthy had travelled so far to seek.*

The mother's name is Mrs Mears, who is now living in Sydney, and she has learned, for the first time, of her son's adventure.

And now the search begins again, for it is the mother who is now seeking her son. If only she had seen the story in the Australian papers the happy ending would have been reached many weeks ago. As it is, who knows what further adventures and searchings may not be necessary before it is achieved?

LIFE'S MYSTERY

By Senator Marconi

Since man began to think he has endeavoured in vain to solve the problem of his origin and destiny.

If we consider what science has permitted man to know we remain bewildered by the enormous machine of the Universe, but this feeling is intensified if we contemplate the phenomenon of life, because we find ourselves here "in front of a book closed with seven seals."

Yet science has made great progress, and we can see now the many ways through which the physical world can react on the biological world, as in the influence on life of certain radiations, as, for instance, the X-rays, the electromagnetic and luminous radiations, the long electric rays, the Gamma and Ultra-Gamma rays, and even the mechanic radiations as sounds and ultra-sounds.

THINGS SAID

It is as easy to put a foot on the brake as a hand on the hooter.

Mr Hore-Belisha

Every man is to himself the most interesting man in the world.

Mr Charles C. Knight

The English nation stands on the threshold of an era of expansion exceeding anything it has ever known.

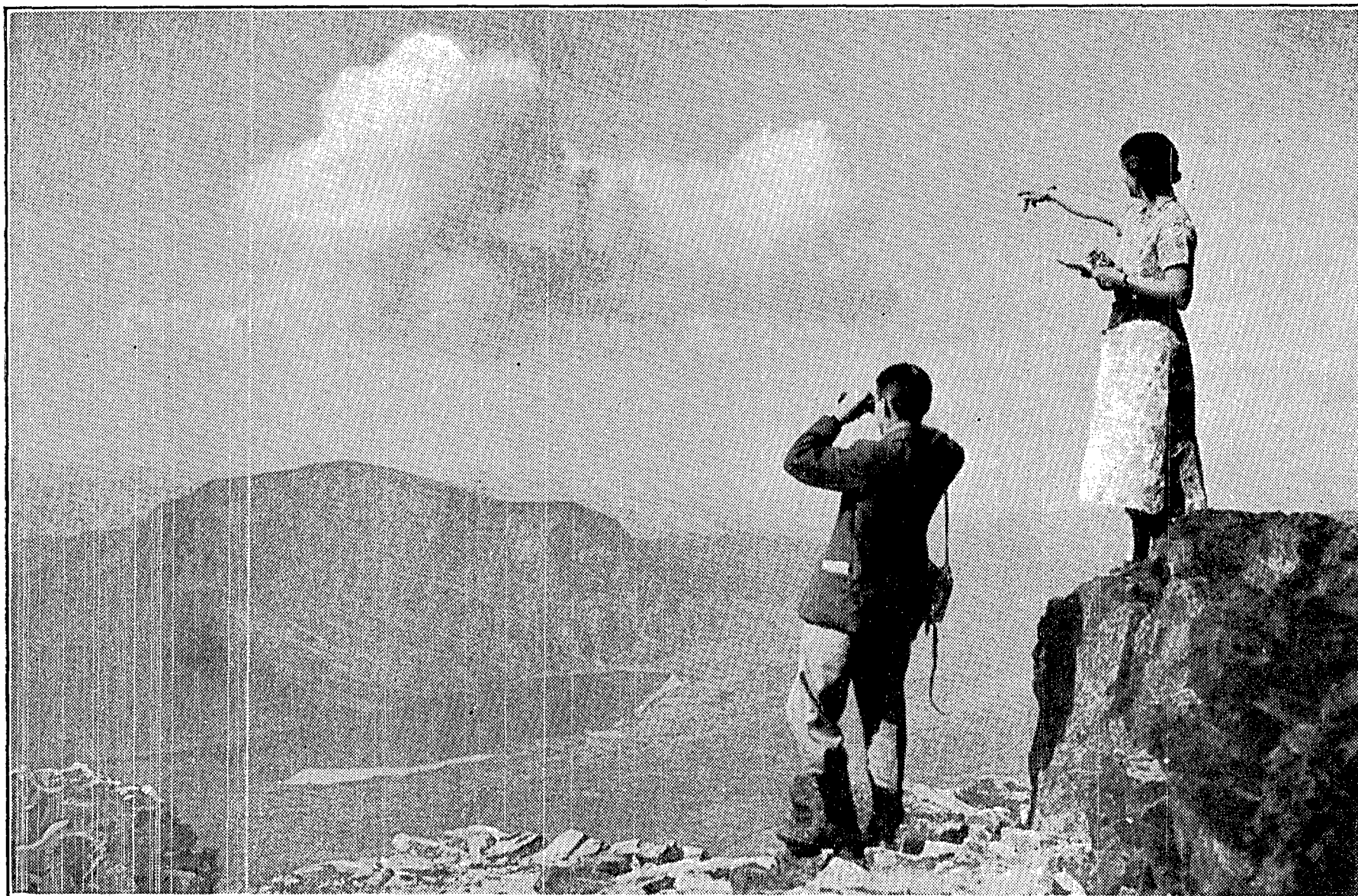
Mr Harold Fisher

September 29, 1934

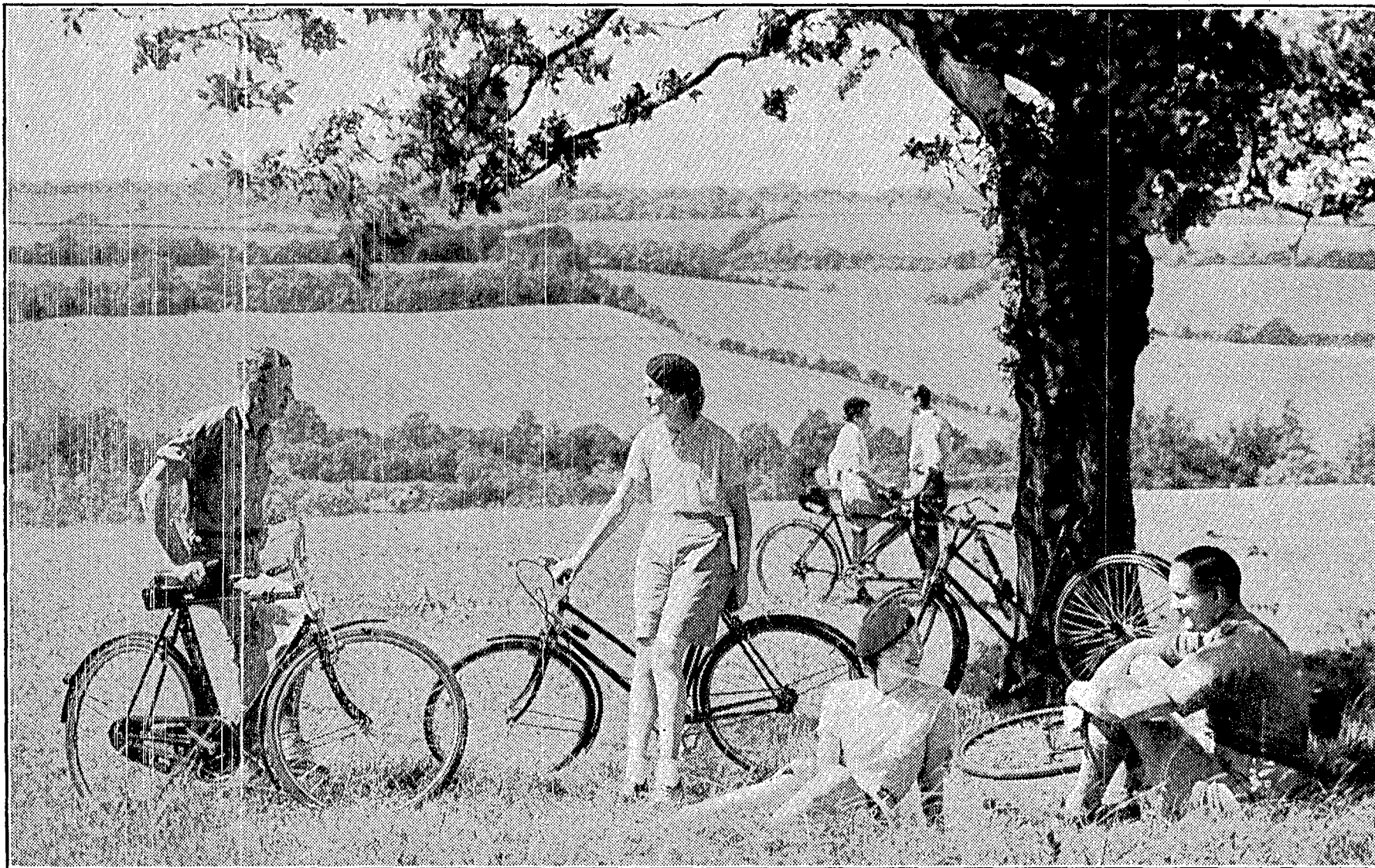
The Children's Newspaper

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ON THE TOP OF SNOWDON · CYCLING THROUGH KENT



The Summit of Snowdon—On a day of good visibility these tourists are enjoying the magnificent view of the mountains of North Wales from the top of Snowdon, over 3500 feet high.



In the Kent Countryside—A party of cyclists resting for a few minutes during a spin through Kent.

DOT AND DASH ONE MORE THING GOING Farewell To the Great Idea of Samuel Morse PROGRESS KNOWS NO SENTIMENT

Farewell to Dot and Dash, farewell to Morse! It is going: the last Morse Message has already gone out from the Central Telegraph Office in London.

Progress knows no sentiment, and the teleprinter is ousting the simple system of telegraphic transmission which has served the world so well and so long.

The new machine looks something like a typewriter. In the Central Telegraph Office each operator sits at a keyboard and taps out a message almost instantly reproduced in type at the big towns where it is sent. A good operator in the old days of Morse could deal with 40 or 50 telegrams an hour, though the average was less. Today any man or girl can easily be trained to send 80, and a good operator 100, telegrams an hour.

Telegraphic Esperanto

Consequently as accuracy is joined to speed the Morse had to go. But, wonderful as is the growing power of the machine, it is not so wonderful as the idea born in Samuel Morse's brain.

He was one of the earliest of the pioneers of the electric telegraph, and in a world unready to believe in new inventions nearly starved before the United States Congress agreed to allot money for his experimental telegraph between Washington and Baltimore. On May 24, 1844, Morse sent his first official message over the wires, and his triumph was immediate. He did for the New World what Wheatstone and Cooke were doing for the United Kingdom. But what he did for the whole world was of more account.

It was his genius which struck out the alphabet of electric communication, the telegraphic Esperanto that has served every nation, an alphabet that all the world uses, not on the wire alone, but from ship to ship, from ship to shore. The signal S O S is spelled in the longs and shorts of Morse.

Going But Not Yet Gone

There is no end to it yet. It will be long before the end can come. The heliograph winking messages across the Indian hills, the signals flashed by searchlight, no less than those waved by the flags of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, all go in the dots and dashes of this universal code. When Kipling wrote of deep-sea cables, along which in the ooze the words of men flicker and flutter and beat, the flickering thus imagined was that of the Morse signals.

The first wireless message across the Atlantic came in this alphabet. The Post Office may discard it. Wireless will discover an improvement on it, though even now, as we listen to it, we may hear him speaking to us from the grave. Morse! we grumble, as sharp, high-pitched sounds enter the room. They are the jerky fragments of his alphabet still employed by the ship operators who have not yet found a better.

Why Not Cheaper Telegrams?

Morse's alphabet announced to the world the first news of the Titanic's passing; it told of the first telegraph line joining India to Europe.

The teleprinter is probably much more efficient for inland telegrams. We hope that one of the uses the Central Telegraph Office will make of it may be that of making the telegrams cheaper. At present an inland telegram is more obsolete than the Morse alphabet.

Once in the Morse days it cost as little as sixpence, and the subsequent shilling telegram included the address. But now it is an expensive luxury, to the Post Office as well as to the sender, for the Telegraphs do not pay.

They want another kind of brain as well as a teleprinter.

THE LOVELIEST THING IN THE WORLD Good Friendship HELEN KELLER AT HER OLD FRIEND'S SIDE

Helen Keller has gone back to her work in America to help those who, like herself, are blind and deaf, after a year's holiday in Scotland.

In America a University teacher is often given one year in seven as a holiday, and this is called his Sabbatical year. Helen Keller's Sabbatical year, which was in fact about fifteen months, was spent in giving herself with tenderest care to helping her oldest and dearest friend. The story is one of the most touching that can be told.

Forty years ago a young governess, Miss Anne Sullivan, arrived at the Keller's American home as a companion to an unhappy, rebellious child. She taught blind Helen to read. She taught dumb Helen to speak. She led her from the land of darkness and solitude.

The years passed but never broke the tie between them. The teacher married and became Mrs Macy. Two years ago she came to Scotland and settled on a Highland farm near Inverness, and then upon her fell the shadow of her affliction.

Her eyes, never strong, began to fail.

Hand in Hand

The misfortune instantly brought Helen Keller to her side. She who had been pupil became teacher, helping her friend to master again the reading by Braille which, once learned, had become forgotten.

She did more. With failing sight came illness, and for long days Helen sat by her friend's bed, constant and affectionate, ministering to needs, giving help as well as comfort. When Mrs Macy began to recover her health the two could not be parted. Through spring and summer they walked hand in hand in the fields about the farm.

The Sabbatical year is over. Helen Keller, who is blind and deaf, but a brilliant author and organiser, has gone back to the work which she has made her own, and to others who need her on the other side of the Atlantic. We are sure that the parting between the two friends was hard. We are sure that one of them only consented to go back when the other bade her remember that there were others whose need was greater than hers.

GIRLS AND BOYS COME OUT TO PLAY

Nancy Jupp is a champion at 13. Not much taller than her largest golf club she came down from Edinburgh to watch her elder sister play in the Girls Golf Championship at Stoke Poges, was persuaded to take a hand, and took the Champion Cup.

She is the youngest champion that the ancient game has ever known, and also the smallest. Old golfers who have grown grey at golf marvelled at the way she hit the ball like a man, and harder than many men. She is the latest illustration that champions are growing younger and younger.

Earlier in the year Miss Pam Barton was a champion at 17, and champions at 19 are becoming common.

The boys are running the girls close. While Nancy was winning at Stoke Poges a schoolboy was making top score against the Australians at Forres in Scotland. He was Neville Wigram, and had only just left Winchester.

These are "very, very young." But there is another who is hardly more than a boy, and who is a boy in spirit, who has proved himself a champion of champions. He is Fred Perry, this year Singles Champion of Great Britain, Australia, and the United States.

A STATE DOING WELL GOOD NEWS FROM INDIA The Million People of Cochin Have Enough and To Spare THE PAX BRITANNICA

The little State of Cochin, which stands in the south-western extremity of India, is in the happy exceptional position of showing a surplus over expenditure in its budget by the splendid margin of £200,000.

For a hundred years Cochin has been making steady progress. It has a population of over a million, and has a very high percentage of literacy as Indian States go. Two hundred and fifty out of every thousand of its people can read and write. It is interesting to note that 25 per cent of the population are Syrian and Roman Catholic Christians, and are allowed perfect liberty of conscience in the observance of their religious beliefs.

Covering an area of 1,418 square miles, Cochin has a splendid harvest of rice, coconuts, timber, and rubber for export.

Peace and Prosperity

Though it was under Vasco da Gama, the Portuguese explorer, that Cochin made its contact with the Western world in 1498, the Dutch came in 1663 and held it for a hundred years. But it was with the advent of the British influence in 1791 that the constructive economic life of this little State came to be consolidated and developed.

By the payment of a tribute of £13,333 a year to the Government of India Cochin enjoys the advantage of the Pax Britannica, our British Peace. The recent financial prosperity that the Finance Ministers of this charming little State has shown will mean a great deal to the people, most of whom are agriculturists. It has been decided that there must be a 12½ per cent remission in the land revenues, and a sum of £40,000 is to be given as a loan to the peasants, without interest.

The departments of education and health are to receive greatly increased grants. For the enlightened ruler of Cochin believes that good education and good health are a good investment for the State.

EUROPE AND RUSSIA The New Spirit

The best friends of the League have been troubled by its many rebuffs during the last year or two, but they have never lost heart.

They maintain their hopeful attitude because they realise that behind all the shadows lies something sound with all the attributes of permanence, and now comes the cooperation of Russia.

The bearing of European nations toward Russia is a splendid witness to this power behind the idea and the ideal of world cooperation for peace. It is the longing for peace with its neighbours which has brought Russia to the doors of Geneva and a realisation that all its wide domain, and all its vast population, and all its natural wealth, avail nothing without security and peace.

£400,000,000

The Means of Death

The inquiry by the United States Senate into the trade in armaments is revealing some astonishing facts.

A single firm is said to have sold £400,000,000 worth of munitions in the Great War. The profit was prodigious, for Governments were so eager to buy that they furnished the concern with capital. The profit was 23 per cent in 1915; 63 per cent in 1916; 35 per cent in 1917.

Munitions were in demand, and no odium attached to a firm for meeting the demand. Whether arms should be privately made is another question.

THE VIKING'S PICTURE OF HIS SHIP

A SCRATCH ON A SLATE Seen Again After the Passing of the Centuries

A HOUSE IN THE SHETLANDS

Nearly a thousand years ago an artist in the Shetland Isles started to make a picture.

He was a Viking, so of course the picture was of a ship. Instead of a canvas he had a piece of slate, and he scratched on it with a sharp point, while (no doubt) people looked on and criticised, as they do today.

This summer his picture has been admired and criticised afresh, after lying hidden for centuries. There are about 50 other bits of slate decorated with designs, but none so ambitious as the Viking ship.

It has a mast forward, with stays and shrouds. The prow and stern are high, with a steering oar at the stern. Single strokes suggest the crew, ten oarsmen, three steersmen, and the skipper. There is something quite extraordinarily interesting and moving about this contemporary picture of a Viking ship. No doubt she meant as much to the artist as the Golden Hind or the Victory do to us.

What the Storms Revealed

The picture was found during excavations carried out in the summer at Sumburgh Voc in the Shetland Isles by H.M. Office of Works under the direction of Mr A. O. Curles.

Here the storms uncovered ruins of very ancient dwellings and excavations begun 30 years ago. We know now that people dwelled on the site from the Stone Age till the tenth to twelfth centuries. Their homes, hearths, and pottery have been found. We know that they lived with their cattle, for the most part, and the bones and shells in their middens tell us what they ate in the different ages.

The finest house is the Viking house lately excavated, which is 96 feet long, and had a huge fire with two fireplaces, and a raised dais for table and benches. Here on the bitter Shetland nights men were warm and merry. Here they sang songs like the Sea Reiver's Song, and here they admired the masterpiece of the very Old Master whose name we shall never know, though we know his work, the Viking ship scratched on a bit of slate seven inches by two inches.

NAMESAKE TOWNS 13 Bristols and 7 Yorks

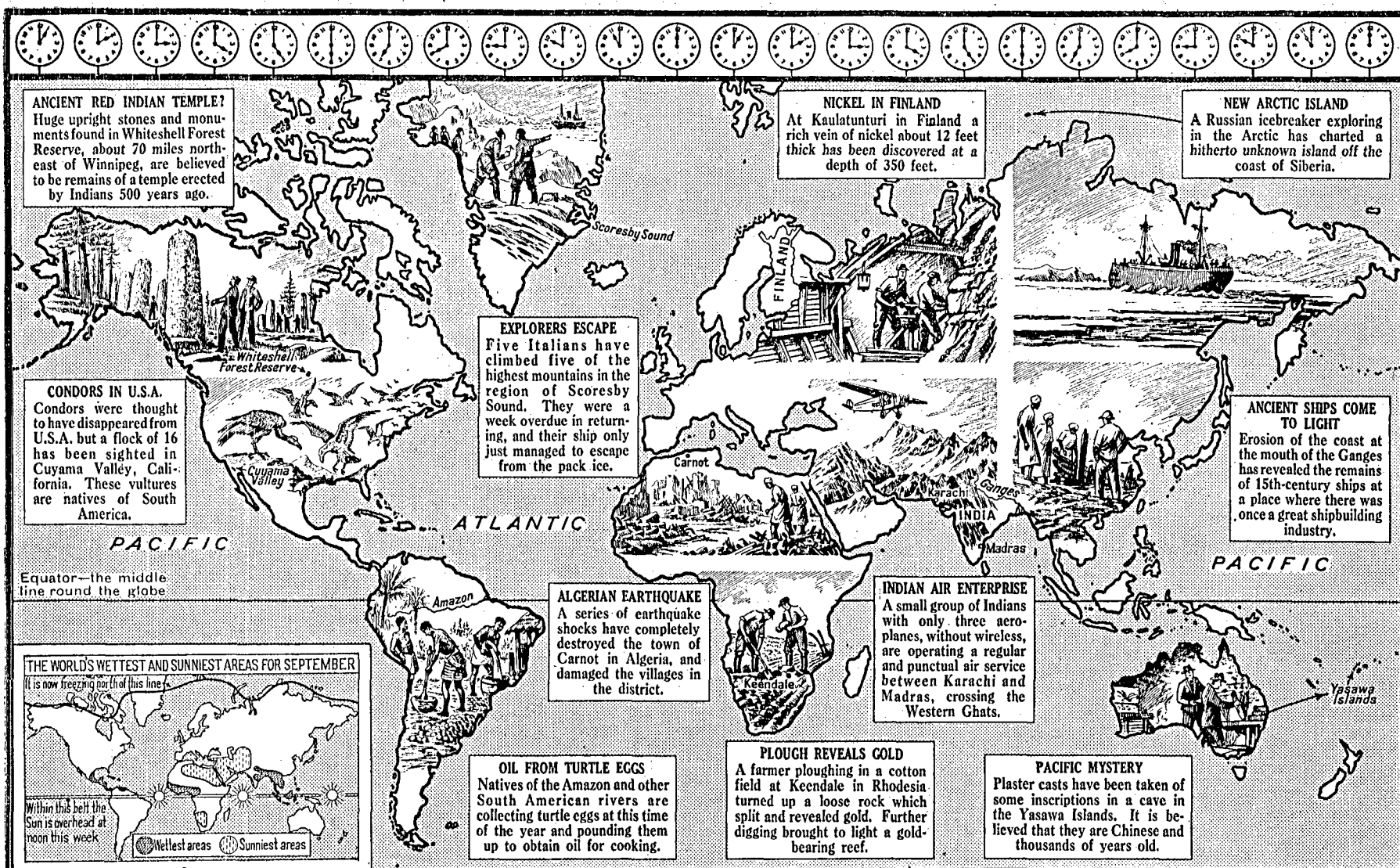
All our Dominions own many towns which bear the same name as British towns, and from time to time we read of visits and greetings between them.

But the United States, never disdaining healthy sentiment, has founded the Namesake Town Association, by arrangement with the English-Speaking Union, which has begun a systematic exchange of visits and interests.

It would have been a popular organisation with the pioneer generation, judging by the number of British names duplicated. There are 13 Bristols, 13 Oxfords, 9 Plymouths, 7 Yorks, 7 Baths, and 6 Cambridges, not to mention odd Manchesters, Leicesters, Rochesters, and Winchesters, and so on. There are even two Londons in U.S.A.

Bristol, England, has made a film of the city as it is today, with scenes of ancient Bristol in it, and sent it to her flock of namesakes. Much interesting knowledge of the old pioneering families and their times is being unearthed and recorded, and many lonely people have re-established lost links with their homeland. So successful is the association that the English-Speaking Union is thinking of extending it to the British Dominions.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



SIR JOSIAH STAMP COINS A WORD

How We Should Grow Up

Sir Josiah Stamp, once a brilliant civil servant unknown to the public and now one of our most famous men, has been talking his usual good sense to the Educational Section of the British Association.

He has a method in education and accordingly calls it Methodology. We do not like it, but we like what Sir Josiah means by it.

What should a child learn at a secondary school? Sir Josiah prefers an entirely general education, not including economics, but making much of geography and modern history. The boy or girl should know the world as a heritage, and what men are making of it in our day.

Language, yes; but rather fluency and inaccuracy than a tongue tied with pure grammar. Children should learn to make clear notes and to use a library with intelligence. Shorthand should be universally taught, and something of book-keeping.

Sir Josiah would have children grounded in science and capable of expression. To know, and to be able to expound one's knowledge is, we agree, of the first importance.

DEAR OLD GENTLEMAN

By Two Little Boys

In loving remembrance of a dear old gentleman, from two little boys who were so fond of him because he would always talk to them.

This was the touching inscription on a bunch of flowers sent to the funeral of a 75-year-old man, Mr J. Davey, at Hurstpierpoint in Sussex.

Pity the Poor Pit Pony

And buy your coal from the mechanical transport mine

A SAFETY LINE FOR THE WAR TRADE

Mr Roosevelt To Move?

We are glad to learn that there is a prospect of President Roosevelt taking a definite stand against the private trade in armaments.

It is hoped that at Geneva next month, when the Disarmament Conference resumes, the United States will put forward the proposal that no arms should be made except by national works nationally controlled.

The American Senate has appointed a Committee to investigate the doings of American armament firms. One of them, the agent of a British firm, is said to have obtained orders for arms in South America and to have sold an aeroplane of a new design to Japan.

If we organise our Railways, our Mines, our Docks, our Milk, and our Housing under some sort of control, surely we may organise this trade in death and keep its profit-making merchants within some sort of safety line?

OUR FRIEND THE WASP

Holidays are mostly over now, but their sweet memories linger. A C.N. friend told us of a little deed of kindness she saw at the seaside, and we think it worth recording.

A swimmer enjoying herself in the sea saw a wasp struggling on the waves. Fearlessly but gently she put one hand under it, lifted it from the frightening water, and using the other arm for swimming took it to the beach, where it dried in the sun and flew off.

The rescuer also reached land safely, unstung. She was not afraid of the wasp, and gave the wasp no reason to be afraid of her.

Two dogs brought from Greenland last year are now on their way to the Antarctic with the British Graham Land Expedition.

A PERILOUS LANDING

Airman Falls on a Lion's Cage

Mr Ben Turner may have looked before he leaped, the other day, but we fear his thoughts were on the new landing-ground for an aerodrome near Leatherhead rather than on the Chessington Zoo close by.

His work is the demonstrating of parachutes, and he intended to be the first man to come down on that particular piece of ground. But the wind not only thwarted his ambition but gave him a nasty shock as well.

His parachute was blown into a tree, and he heard a roaring beneath his feet; he was standing on the top of a wild beast's cage, and a lion and lioness were leaping up at him, though they were unable to get their paws through the bars.

The adventure might have ended like one of Mr Hilaire Belloc's Cautionary Tales, with the lions having a good meal and the zoo-keeper sorrowfully pointing out that even flying mortals should not disdain to know their ground; but fortunately a trainer was near at hand. Herr Brick forced the lions into a corner while others brought ladders, and Mr Turner was able to disentangle himself from the parachute without fear of slipping within reach of the animals.

GROWING GRAPES IN A LONDON SQUARE

Somebody planted a grape-vine one day in the "airy" of a house in Russell Square, London.

In spite of the buses and heavy lorries which constantly thunder past in Southampton Row a few yards away the plant flourished and climbed up against the house. This year it has borne 17 bunches.

One reason of this success is that the house is on the south side. Another is that the vine has been carefully tended, manured, and pruned.

No plant is more decorative than a vine with its shapely green leaves and purple grapes, and here is a fine idea for making a more beautiful London.

DEAN INGE'S SWAN SONG

A Word To the Young

THE LAST CENTURY WAS A GREAT ONE

The Dean of St Paul's used these weighty words in closing his last sermon at the famous cathedral.

Thirty years ago the world seemed secure. Now the day has come when every man's work will have to be tried; all national institutions, religious and secular, will have to pass through the fire.

More than one popular idol has already been broken; more than one catchword of the last century now sounds ridiculous; and, alas! much that is good and beautiful is being destroyed.

The age that is passing from us is full of good as well as evil. The nineteenth century was a very great period. Let not the young people forget that. Are men today setting their hopes too low? Are they too material, too sordid, too much tainted with the worship of success? Charity without faith and hope is very popular just now; but it is quite ineffective.

GREAT SACRIFICE OF CATTLE

Canada and the Drought

Canada has suffered only less than the United States in the great drought of 1934.

Manitoba and Saskatchewan propose to kill off 125,000 cattle facing starvation. Between them the two Provinces and the Dominion Government will pay for the transport of the animals to the canning establishments. It is hoped that the plan will give the farmers a small immediate profit, but the reduction of herds is a serious matter for them.

New York is abolishing its trams.

According to Lloyd's 71 ships of over 100 tons were lost in the first quarter of this year.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 29 1934

Poor Little Rich Child

WE have been looking again at the report of the school medical officers of Enfield on the health of the children of this district of North London.

After examining the scholars of seven schools they have reached the conclusion that the children of the poorer parts are in better physical condition than those of the wealthier parts.

The doctors examined 549 children from the "wealthier parts" and report 50 per cent of them as below a proper standard of health. On the other hand examination of 332 children from schools in the poorer districts revealed only 25 per cent below par.

The report explains this remarkable result by suggesting that the better-class children are unduly coddled, and that they are indulged by their parents or guardians in too much motoring and too many visits to the cinema. Parents should realise, it is pointed out, that children need a large amount of rest and sleep, and that rest and sleep should be obtained in bed in quiet surroundings.

Undoubtedly the children of the people today are in much better condition than twenty years ago. If we compare the medical reports of 1904 with those of 1934 we find a striking advance in the right direction.

At the same time there is much physical deterioration remaining, and there is no ground whatever for the opinion that the children of the poor have yet attained their proper standard.

In some directions, however, things are certainly better. For example, thirty years ago an industrial town could report only one in five of its elementary schoolchildren as clean; today the report would probably be that only one in five is not clean.

The medical officers of Enfield stress the coddling of children as an evil responsible for lack of physical welfare. We share their dislike of motoring for children. It is much too common to see children crowded into a saloon car on a fine day when they ought to be on their feet in the open air playing a game. The small family child in a small family motor-car is an unfortunate creature.

Perhaps we may say that *no child should be rich*, whatever the income of its parents. Plain fare, simple clothing, the undecorated instruments of play—these are all of material things that a child needs for health and happiness. The love that in its short-sightedness seeks to make a child rich seems often to miss its way.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Scent of the Musk

NEVER has there been such a summer for flowers, and the floral year is preparing to depart in a sunset glow of flowering borders.

The autumn flower shows are no less dazzling with dahlias and chrysanthemums as big as cauliflowers and rainbow bands of antirrhinums. The only thing the professional flower-growers fail to supply is scent. In becoming bigger all the flowers seem to be losing their fragrance.

Three years ago at the Chelsea Flower Show a small green plant with a tiny yellow flower was labelled Scented Musk. We smelled it eagerly, but could find no scent, and told the attendant so. To our complaint he replied that if we had seen the numbers of people who had come to smell it we should not wonder. *They had smelled all its scent away.*

Now we know where the scent of the musk has gone, apparently!

Well Done, English Boys

A FRENCH teacher was talking to a friend of the C.N. the other day about the difference between teaching English boys and those of other countries. All boys are much the same all the world over, he said, but there was one trait he had met in the English boy and nowhere else. He called it an inborn sense of honour, an instinct to play the game. He met it first in a London Council School.

Some boys at the back of the class were talking. The Frenchman picked out the ringleader and told him he must be quiet during lessons. "All right, sir," said the boy.

"Come and sit in front," said the Frenchman, good-humouredly, "and I can keep my eye on you."

"There is no need for me to sit in front, sir," said the boy. "If I say I won't talk I won't."

"And he did not make any more trouble," said the teacher. "I was amazed. I found I could trust English boys. There are no others like them."

An Old Man Speaks

I AM an old man. My life has been spent in teaching science, and I have always kept in mind the primary importance of the practical application of knowledge so as to increase the wealth, the comfort, and especially the happiness of the people.

And I am now more and more impatient with the diversion of brilliant gifts of mind to theorising about the Unknown and, it may be, the Unknowable, while the world is full of suffering caused by ignorance and knowledge misapplied.

Professor Henry Armstrong

Many a blessing has been recognised too late.
Lord Avebury

Two Questions

THE burning of the American liner Morro Castle on a cruise raises two points of much importance.

The first is that modern luxury ships are apparently built to burn. They are stocked with combustible materials divided by air spaces; they are a danger to themselves.

The second is that it is high time for plain speaking about cruising vessels. The Morro Castle caught fire when some of her passengers were drunk; we even read of young women being too overcome with drink to save themselves. The cruise should not be allowed to become a byword, especially when the vessel makes calls at foreign ports.

Tip-Cat

THERE is nothing like a dip in the moonlight, says a writer. Especially if you don't want to get wet.

THE master of a riding school says fewer people are learning to ride. His pupils are falling off.

OFFICIALS are complaining of litter in the Imperial War Museum. They are not referring to the exhibits, of course.

SOME people are good mixers. And some are only muddlers.

THE nations should get together. But what should they get?

PEOPLE dress quickly in this busy age. And are soon done up.

DICTATORSHIP in every land has passed its peak, says a speaker. There is no point in it.

SOMEONE suggests giving men a meal in part payment for work. They won't swallow that.

DENTISTS are usually popular socially. Their profession gives them a pull.

A BOOK on sprinting has been published. No doubt it will be run down by the reviewers.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

ABOUT 40 per cent of New York's 6000 restaurants are not renewing their drink licences.

ST DUNSTON'S is still looking after 2000 war blinded men.

ALL railway platform barrows are to have rubber tyres.

JUST AN IDEA

We are all realising the value of silence now, but it took the Great War to make us all silent for two minutes every year.

The Sun Will Rise Tomorrow

THE Sun will rise tomorrow
However dark the night;
Not all the powers of darkness
Can stay the dawn of light.
The shades and fears and fevers
Will all be washed away
When morning winds like heralds
Blow in the golden day.

O NATIONS of the shadows
Where freedom lights no lamp,
Where butchers herd the people,
And Terror has his camp,
The night is long and dreadful,
But even in your skies
O Germany, O Russia,
At last the Sun will rise.

THE Sun will rise tomorrow
However dark the night;
Not all the powers of darkness
Can stop the dawn of light. J.F.

The I Scream Man

By Our Country Girl

"THE I scream man!" shrieked Christopher, rushing into the room. "He's outside. Quick! Quick! give me some money for I scream!"

For the twentieth time Mother said that it was ice cream, not I scream, and that she had no money to waste on it.

Christopher, discouraged but not defeated, then bestirred himself to find his own bank, a box containing "two farvings and one napenny."

"Is it enough?" he asked.
"I should think not," said Mother, "but you can try."

She felt sure the man would reject the farthings with scorn.

By and by Christopher returned with a generous measure of pink stuff and a wooden spoon.

"I don't like that man," he reported.
"He never gave me any change."

Give Me

GIVE not to me a power over nations,
Give me the courage that can conquer fear;
Give me the love worth all the world's oblations;
Then, when Thy last swift messenger draws near,

Give me the shining of the star at morning,
The quiet bird's twitter in the dew-slaked grass:
Give me but these, and then to Thy great dawning
Grant that my liberated soul may pass.

C. B. L. Haslewood

When You Wake in the Morning

In the morning when you awake
accustom yourself to think first upon
God, or something in order to His
service; and at night also let Him
close thine eyes; and let your sleep
be necessary and healthful, not idle
and expensive of time beyond the
needs and conveniences of Nature; and
sometimes be curious to see the pre-
paration which the Sun makes when he
is coming forth from his chambers of
the East.

Jeremy Taylor

BIG FARMS IN LITTLE ENGLAND

FACTORY OR HOME?

The Professors and the Future of the Countryside

A SOCIAL QUESTION

A farm, like a factory, exists to maintain and preserve life.

A farm is associated with the free winds of heaven, with the soil that is man's natural inheritance, and with personal independence. The factory is associated with enclosed spaces in town where soil is only known as dirt, and with personal dependence on capital.

Reform is affecting both these conceptions. The farm, we are told, must become a farm factory. The industrial factory, it is hoped, will know more of fresh air, while its workers will grow in cooperative spirit and ownership.

Contrasts in Farming

At the British Association Professor J. A. S. Watson, President of the Agricultural Section, was all for the factory farm, and could see no future for small units of husbandry. On the other hand, Professor Adams vigorously defended what he called the family farm as an essential social unit.

This is a matter of truly vital importance. Let us contrast the two professors.

Professor Watson:

I well know that the whole idea of factory farming is repugnant to many people.

The variety of occupations on the one-man mixed farm, the pride of individual ownership, and so forth, are held to compensate for hours of labour and small returns.

But I have never been able to see that inhuman personal relationships need necessarily go with specialised occupations, short hours, and high wages. Indeed I believe that on the factory farm it is possible to cultivate a kind of team spirit which is essentially a finer thing than the rather narrow independence of the smallholder.

Professor Adams:

I believe that even in this country the small farm will increase and become a more rather than a less important factor in rural community life.

The reason lies in the fact that agriculture is not only an industry and a business but a life, and the family farm, despite all the hard toil that it involves, is able largely to satisfy the human desire to be independent and self-supporting. The countryside is old in comparison with the town. It is rich in experience and in tradition, and there is an immense amount of stored-up energy in its people.

Both men perceive the need for a real life, but the one sees it in a possible team spirit on a factory farm, while the other sees it inherent in small cherished independencies—in family farms.

Big Farms in Little England! Let us realise what they would mean.

Country Workers For the Towns

Down would come tree and hedge-row. Many little fields would be turned into one to allow of farming of the large type. Existing farm gates would be too small to pass the new machines. With each increase in size, the number of workers an acre would fall, although the wages of a diminished number of land-workers might rise.

The displaced men would swell the towns and join industries afflicted periodically with unemployment. The health of the displaced ones would suffer. Children would still further diminish in numbers, for towns are the enemies of child life. Our agricultural population, already too small, would further diminish.

The lovely English countryside, as we now know it, would disappear. With the grubbing up of trees and hedges the birds would die out.

Life itself is at stake in this issue.

TO BE A LIGHT BEFORE MEN

At the entrance to the harbour of Messina, where tradition says Paul landed 1900 years ago on his way to Rome, a new beacon has been set up to light the ways of seafaring men.

When the tall column with the great gilded statue of the Madonna was inaugurated the water-front was thick with merchant ships from Hull, Oslo, New York, and the ports of Italy. From Sicily and Italy thousands came to see the lighthouse illuminated by the pressing of a button hundreds of miles away.

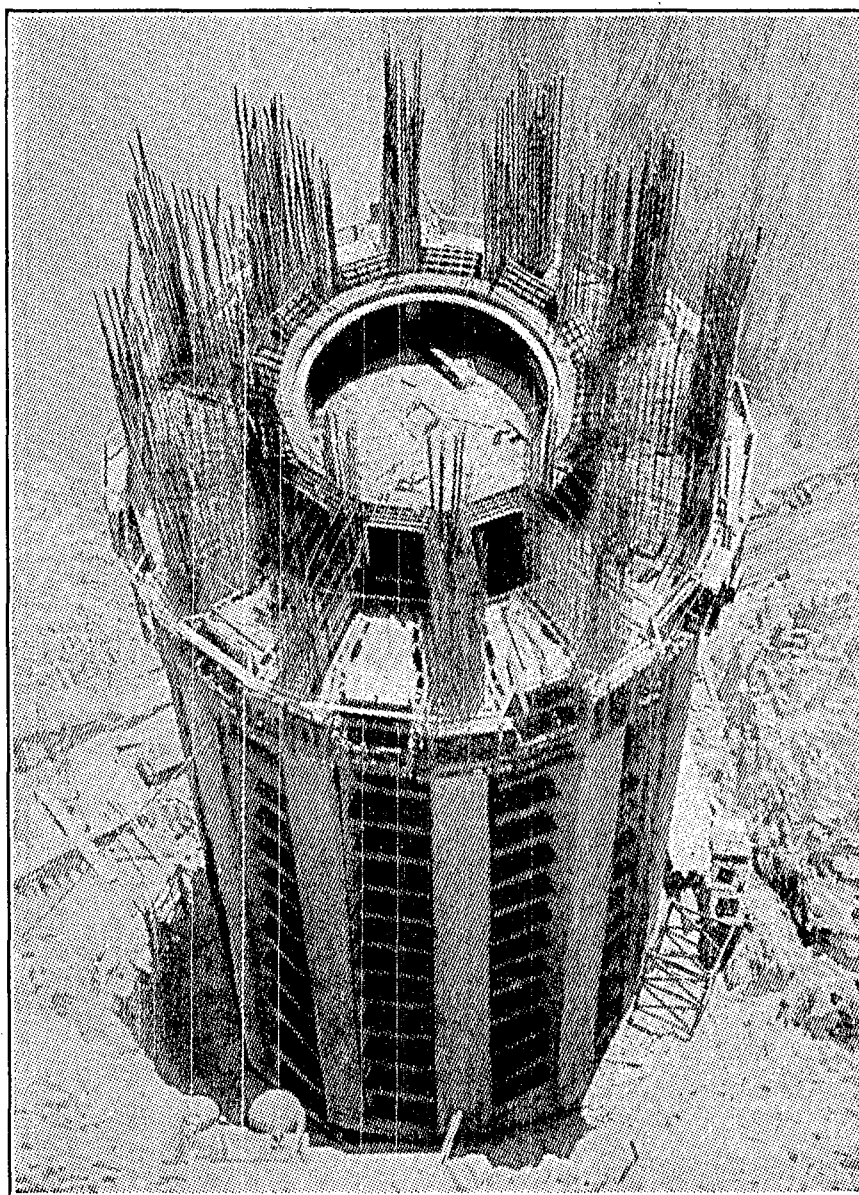
That was not the only miracle they awaited, saw, and heard. For many minutes before the appointed moment deep stillness fell on the crowd. A voice called for attention, and many knelt and all bared their heads. Then

from out of the silence came the words: *The blessing of God Almighty be with you and remain with you always.*

It was the voice of the Pope borne by wireless from his Roman villa, and as the words of the blessing ceased the column became illuminated.

In the day it is a column of stone and concrete, shining white against the background of Sicily's mountains. At night the column will appear as a glowing shaft of crystal, crowned by a haze of blue light issuing from the statue. It seems then to float above the ramparts of the old castle of San Salvatore, where below it electric letters frame the words of blessing spoken by the visitor of nineteen centuries ago.

A POWER TOWER



The vast Boulder Dam on the Colorado River in Southern California is half finished; it was begun three years ago and will be completed in 1937. It will conserve water against times of drought and make hydro-electric power available over a wide area. The four intake towers, one of which is shown here, will be 400 feet high.

THE WOOD IN THE NEW CUNARDER

So keen are the owners of the new Cunarder, the wonder ship of the world, that it should also be the safest ship in the world, that they are taking every possible step to ensure fire resistance in the materials used in its fittings.

An example of this care was shown the other day when, at great cost, the wood-work about to be used was taken off the ship and arrangements made for other and safer wood to take its place. The wood to be used in all the cabins and deck houses consists of five layers, and the normal practice has been to impregnate only the top layer with a fire-resisting substance. The wood which is

to replace that arranged for is to have all five layers impregnated.

We are sure that this care will be extended to the fabrics and furniture with which the luxurious saloons and berths are fitted, for fire at sea is a terrible tragedy, and too many tragedies have arisen through false economy on the part of owners. The very speed at which a ship drives along sets up a forced draught which will quickly fan a slight fire into a raging furnace.

It is one of the sad things in the world that the incessant demand for luxury for the few increases the danger of life for all.

KING JOHN'S LOST JEWELS

WHERE ARE THEY?

A Rector Thinks He Knows the Chest They Were Kept In

BURIED AT A CASTLE?

One of the mysteries of history is the exact spot at which King John lost his baggage in that hurried march of his a few days before he died in the Abbey of Swineshead in Lincolnshire.

Old histories simply state that it was lost in the Wash, and in imagination we see his baggage train taking a short cut across the sands and the tide coming in and engulfing it.

More concise historians endeavour to fix the particular spot, scout the idea of the open sand, and declare for one of the rivers flowing into that great bay. Some claim the Welland and some claim the Nene, and proposals are brought forward from time to time for excavating for the purpose of discovering the lost treasure.

A New Suggestion

In any case so great have been the changes, both in the course of the rivers and in the formation of the land on the coast, that it is almost impossible to trace the royal route with any degree of certainty, and we remain today no wiser than Shakespeare was when he made King John say:

I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night, Passing these flats, are taken by the tide; These Lincoln Washes have devoured them; Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.

But now a clergyman has come forward with an entirely new suggestion as to where the royal treasure is to be found. He is the rector of Rockingham in Northamptonshire (Rev O. R. Plant), and he is confident that the long-lost crown and jewels are to be found in some spot between his rectory and Rockingham Castle.

Silver Plate in a Church Safe

The rector probably feels that luck attends him in the matter of gold and silver, for behind a false backing of board in his church safe he recently discovered some silver plate, including a silver chalice dated 1570. This chalice has been valued at £4000, and it is quite probable that it is refashioned from the chalice used when the Kings of England came hunting in Rockingham Forest and held Court at the castle.

Rockingham Castle was built by the Conqueror and stands on a tongue of land which projects between two ravines in a situation of great strength. For a hundred years the castle was of wood, but during the reign of King John all the wooden fortifications were replaced by stone. John was a constant visitor here, and existing documents show many entries respecting the treatment to be given the royal hawks and hounds, specifying the quantity of flesh on which they were to be daily fed as well as the number of times the gerfalcons were to be let fly.

Records of the Treasure

What is more likely, asks Mr Plant, than that the bulk of the royal treasure was kept in this strong castle? The old chest in which it would be placed can still be seen in the castle, and there are records showing that the treasure was taken from the chest. It was a time of great strife; King John was fighting for his kingdom, and would more probably have hidden the treasure than carried it about with him from battlefield to battlefield.

The rector claims that he knows to a few yards where to start excavations in order to bring the treasure to light, and when the present owner of Rockingham Castle returns to England he is going to ask his consent to start digging. We wish him good luck.

£3500,000,000

OUR PEOPLE'S MONEY ABROAD

One Hundred and Fifty Millions Coming To Us Every Year

IMPORTS FROM INVESTMENTS

A remarkable feature of British commerce is our importation of Interest.

For long years past many of our well-to-do citizens having money to spare invested it abroad, usually to obtain a higher rate of interest than could be obtained at home. These investments are usually referred to as British overseas investments, but they should properly be described as British private overseas investments, because they are the property of private citizens.

These British investors abroad have done much for the world. They have provided the means to build railways in Argentina, America, Canada, India, and other places, and have built up foreign, Dominion, and Colonial electrical works, gasworks, waterworks, canals, docks, harbours, factories, tramways, bridges, tea plantations, and so on.

All this was done for gain, to earn interest. Enormous sums were lost in the process, for overseas enterprises could not reasonably be expected to thrive.

Loans Not Repaid

In the same way British investors have lent money to overseas Governments and cities for national and civic purposes; sometimes these loans have been translated into war material.

Many such loans, including some made to State Governments of the United States, have never been repaid. Many American States are actually in default.

Year by year, through these overseas investments, a stream of interest has reached our shores, helping to pay for British imports. Since the war the stream has diminished through the failure or dereliction of Governments and the depression which has brought so many undertakings to ruin.

Still, however, British citizens have some £3500,000,000 invested overseas in all parts of the world, and the interest receivable in a year amounts to about £150,000,000.

This interest, unless reinvested abroad, can only take the form of imports of goods. Thus Australia, paying interest, sends wool, lamb, or butter; Argentina sends wool and beef; South Africa sends gold, wool, and diamonds; India sends tea or cotton.

RETURNING AT X

The Ingenious Telephone

An ingenious device is now being used in Vienna to inform those who "get no answer" when ringing up a friend of the time they are likely to be more fortunate.

One of the most aggravating things about the telephone has thus met with a solution.

When that charming man, the non-political Viennese, rings up his friend to ask him to a meal at a restaurant for the purpose of discussing music, instead of hearing the "no answer" signal he will hear a definite number of strokes on a bell, the number informing him how long it will be in hours or parts of an hour before his friend will be home again.

Before leaving home the expectant one will have adjusted an automatic device of the time of his anticipated return. It will be a great convenience, and, what is more, will probably be a great factor in promoting punctuality.

GERMANY'S POVERTY

The means of financing raw material for Germany's use is in Germany. She has only to cease increasing her army, navy, air force, and poison-gas making and she will have millions of pounds available for purchasing raw material. J. E. Eede to the C.N.

HEROES UNKNOWN

Men Who Give Their Lives For Us

FILM NOBODIES AND LABORATORY SOMEBODIES

The world has been hearing, at a humdrum Conference of Sanitary Inspectors, of one or two heroes worth many film stars.

The use of hydro-cyanic gas to kill vermin in houses was being discussed at Southport, and the dangerous nature of the gas led Sir Leonard Hill to tell some stories about men of science who risked their lives to test such things.

A great scientist, whose name he did not give, went into a sealed chamber with a dog, and breathed hydro-cyanic gas. The dog died in one minute, but the man survived.

Two other men were engaged in research to discover how long men could breathe oxygen at a certain concentration before escaping from a sunken submarine.

It was known that oxygen becomes poison under certain concentration, but these two breathed oxygen until one got convulsions, and the other had a severe epileptic fit and was unconscious before the oxygen could be turned off.

A Great Sacrifice

Then Sir Leonard told how a great friend of his lost his life while investigating typhus fever. He wanted to trace the part played by the body louse in carrying the disease, and he fastened some of these disgusting creatures upon his own body. So he died, a horrible death, with none of the pathos and romance surrounding those who die for a cause on the scaffold or at the stake or on the battlefield, yet a death which is surely like the sacrifice of One who died that others might live.

We do not hear much of these heroes of research who risk their lives for us behind the closed doors of the laboratory. It is the film stars who amuse us at a huge salary who get cheers and bouquets and gratitude; but they are nobodies to be forgotten, while these heroes are among the immortals.

THE WORK CAPTAIN COOK BEGAN

Government To Complete It NEW ZEALAND'S COAST

A special surveying ship provided by the British Government is to rechart the coast of New Zealand in 1936.

This announcement, recently made by the Governor-General of New Zealand at the opening of the Dominion's Parliament, reminds us that 165 years have passed by since Captain Cook began the task of charting the long coastline.

It was in 1769 that Cook, while on the first of his celebrated voyages to the South Seas, rediscovered New Zealand, which had been made known to Europe as early as 1642 by the Dutch navigator Abel Tasman. But Tasman was in a hurry, and he merely sailed along the western coastline for a few hundred miles giving a few names to the bays and capes which still remain on the maps. The world had to wait until Captain Cook made his voyages before it knew the size and shape of New Zealand.

Captain Cook was the first navigator to sail round New Zealand and to make charts of the coastline. And very good charts he made, considering that he made his voyages in a little sailing-ship and without the aid of the wonderful surveying instruments of today.

Since his day much has been done by surveyors ashore and on ships, but it has been found that the existing charts are not complete enough. Ships have been delayed off the coast of New Zealand owing to the difficulty of finding out their position under conditions of low visibility, and delays cost money when they affect great liners.

A QUEER CRAFT FOR THE ATLANTIC

How It Makes Ice Over Tropical Seas

USING SUDDEN CHANGES IN TEMPERATURE

It seems something of a paradox to go out into tropical seas to make ice, but this is what the French scientist Georges Claude has set out to do on his ship the Tunisie.

A curious craft she looks, her funnel and masts almost hidden by the great pipes, cylinders, and reservoirs piled on her deck. This apparatus weighs 250 tons, but the Tunisie will not be top-heavy, as in her holds she carries 5000 tons of coal.

Accompanying her is a cargo boat carrying 2200 feet of thick piping in sections. When the Tunisie reaches a point some 12 miles off Rio de Janeiro she will anchor, the piping will be lowered to the bottom of the sea, and cold water will be pumped up into the complicated mechanism which is to produce the artificial ice.

Extreme Cold

It is well known that half a mile below the surface of the sea the temperature of the water is only a few degrees above freezing-point. Professor Beebe suffered terribly from this cold when he first descended to so great a depth.

The reason why ice can be made even in such a hot temperature is due to the sudden change from heat to cold producing energy which can be economically made use of.

Extreme cold is produced by the expansion of gases; when a gas is compressed its temperature rises, and when the reverse takes place, and it is rarefied, it rapidly becomes cold.

This principle is used in refrigeration. Air in a cylinder is first compressed and thus becomes hot. A current of cold water is then poured on the cylinder to reduce the temperature of the air within to that of the air outside. The condensed air is next allowed to expand, and in the course of this expansion its temperature falls to many degrees below freezing-point. Heat and cold brought together will always mingle until a mean temperature is reached, with the result that any warmer body, like a tank of water, which is placed in the ice-cold air will drop in temperature until it freezes.

Picture on page 9

BIGGEST TRADES

The Million Groups

POOR AGRICULTURE

The Occupation Census of 1931 shows us which trades take high rank in our country.

It is a picture of life and work worth careful study. The land, though employing over a million people, ranks far below many occupations in point of numbers.

The biggest group is Personal Service, which accounts for 2,390,000 men and women. Next come Commerce and Finance, with 2,071,000.

Transport ranks third with 1,635,000 persons. Other groups over a million are Agriculture with 1,172,000 and Metals with 1,446,000. Neither Mines nor Textiles reach a million.

That Transport and Communication rank third is remarkable. We find 1,635,000 men and women engaged in moving us and our goods about the country. The expenditure on movement is enormous and largely wasteful.

The position of Agriculture is lamentable. In a population approaching 50,000,000, with nearly 19,000,000 persons working for gain, only about a million find a living on the land.

The Building Trade counts only 692,000 workers against 795,486 clerks and typists.

JOHN RUSSELL FINDS A VILLAGE

Excavating on the Sussex Downs

GOOD FORTUNE OF A SCHOOLBOY

Many people will envy John Russell, who is only 13, and has been excavating a Roman farm settlement on North Marden Down, near Harting in Sussex.

With boy friends he has been tracing hut sites with dry flint walling, the lynchets of the fields, and the enclosure bank of a biggish village. They have found pottery and a bronze trapping from the harness of a horse who champed his bit long centuries ago.

What fun! most people will say, especially those who have fallen under the spell of Kipling's Puck of Pook's Hill. But there has been more hard work than fun.

The site is on a remote part of the Downs and is thickly overgrown with almost everything tough and prickly that you can imagine. To complete the job will mean the patient work of years. The young workers are fortunate in having the promise of expert advice and supervision from Mr S. E. Winbolt.

He says that the care with which the young archaeologists have set about the job is really remarkable.

From various finds it appears that a broad strip of the South Downs was farmed between the years 250 and 350. Little did the prosperous farmers of those days foresee the time when a boy of 13 would discover the only trace of them—a bit of harness, some broken crocks, a coin which will buy nothing, and some ruined walls.

The settlers on the Downs today, with their bungalows and corrugated iron fowl-houses, will leave even less trace behind. There will certainly be no walls.

TRAVELLING SHOPS

A New Irish Policy

RETAILERS REGISTERED

An Irish Free State Commission on Shops has made some drastic proposals.

The general registration of all shops is recommended to prevent the undue multiplication of retailers, to facilitate control in the public interest, and to protect the shopkeepers themselves.

A feature of Irish retail trade is the Travelling Shop. These shops are motor vehicles which travel about the country bringing to the farmhouses domestic requisites, and at the same time purchasing from farmers their eggs and butter. These shops pay no rates, and can select the places where custom is best, leaving to fixed shops only the duller days to make profits out of which rent, taxes, and wages have to be paid. Therefore the travelling shop, it is urged, should also be registered.

The hawk comes in for attention. The report dwells on the importunity of those who call at private houses to push their wares, and recommends that licences should only be granted in case of extreme hardship.

BLIND TO COLOUR

What is called colour blindness is unfortunately by no means rare.

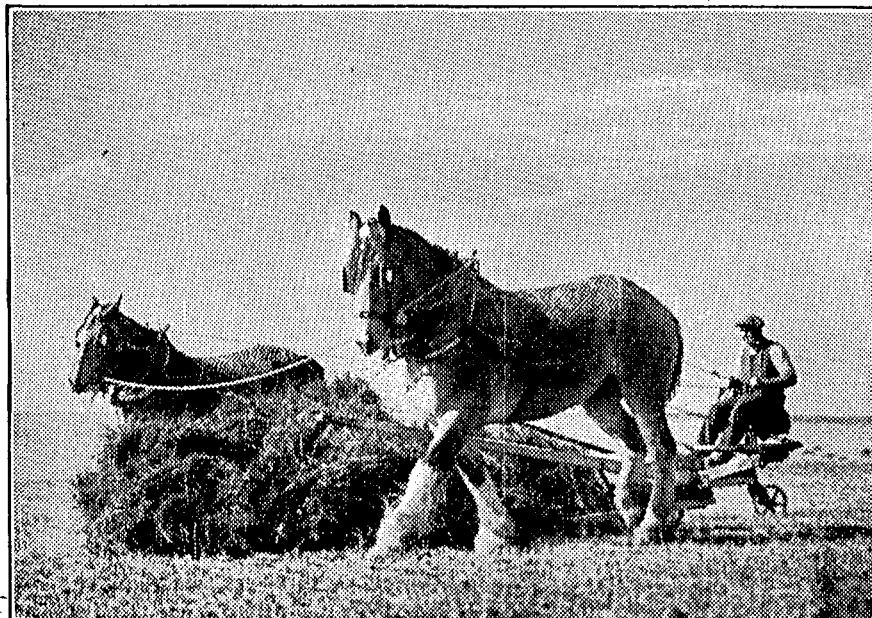
It is an inability to distinguish what we call the "complementary" colours. If a person of normal vision looks intently at a red design and then transfers his gaze to a white sheet, he sees the design appear in green, which is the complement of red.

The colour-blind person cannot distinguish red from green. The danger of this condition in relation to the use of colours in signalling will be apparent. No colour-blind person should be allowed to hold a motorist's licence.

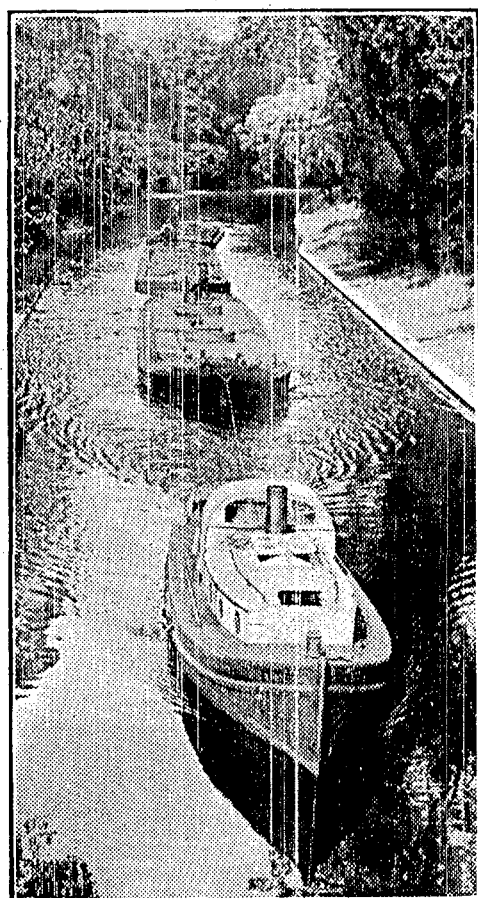
A HEDGE HORSE • ST GEORGE IN SUGAR • FLOATING ICE FACTORY



Trimming the Hedge—One day a rider will have grown on the back of this remarkable topiary horse at a farm in Essex. The hedge has been cultivated for 20 years.



The Clover Harvest—This picture from a Kent farm shows the gathering of clover, a forage crop which is grown in alternate years with wheat, so adding to the nitrogen in the soil.



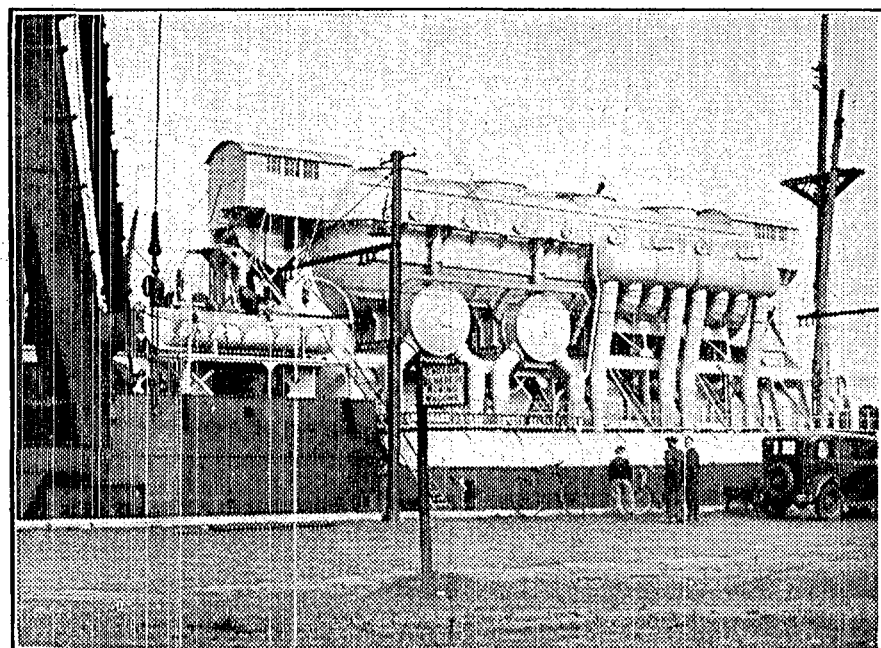
Through Leafy London—A barge train on the Regent's Canal.



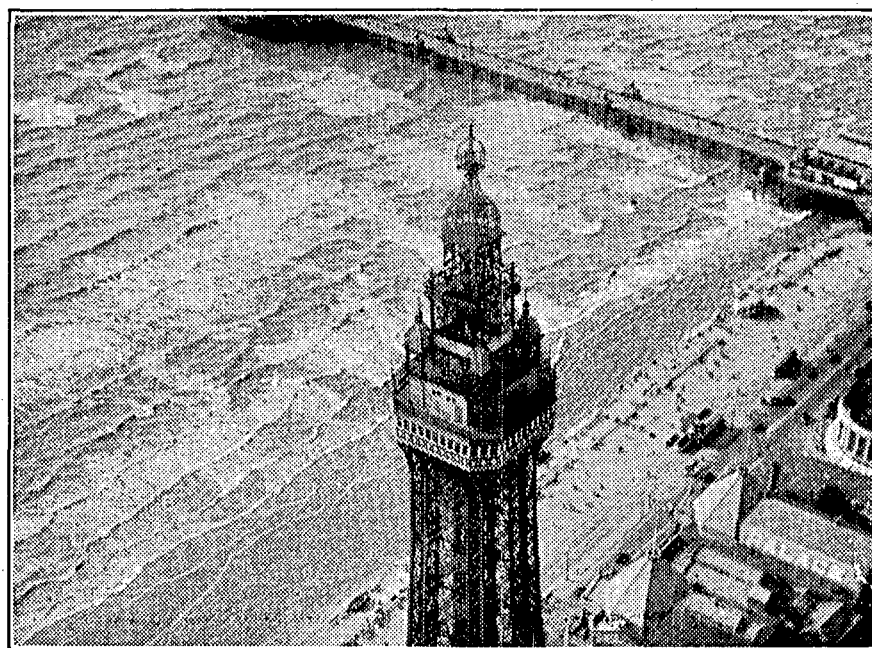
St George and the Dragon—A wonderful model in sugar at the Bakers Exhibition in London.



The Chief Scout—Lord Baden-Powell at the Gilwell Park camp.



Floating Ice Factory—A picture taken at Cardiff of the apparatus on M. Claude's ship, which is to make ice off the Brazilian coast, as described on page 8.



Looking Down on Blackpool—The top of the 500-feet tower and one of the piers as seen by an airman flying over the sea-front of the popular Lancashire resort.

IN GERMANY THINGS A TRAVELLER SHOULD KNOW

How To Save 7s 6d in the
English Pound

SIMPLE LIFE IN A HARD COUNTRY

It may be possible that some C.N. readers who intend to visit Germany have not been warned of the coupons they should take with them to exchange into German money.

If they enter the country without them they will lose 7s 6d in every pound; but those who have coupons, which are stocked at all travel agencies in this country, receive about 19s instead of 12s 6d for each pound.

An English visitor to Oberammergau who had not been warned was obliged to change money at the losing rate. "You ought to have known!" said the clerk, as he slammed down the change. "The coupons must be bought in England; you cannot buy them anywhere in Germany."

A Delightful Experience

It is easy to live cheaply when travelling in Germany if one knows how to do it. The visitor was advised to go to the Schützenhaus, a night shelter where family parties as well as members of the Youth Association were staying.

It was a delightful experience. Although it was late and every bed was taken the visitor was welcomed. "We cannot turn you away!" they said, and one of them found some blankets and a wide sack stuffed with straw which made a comfortable mattress.

In the cheerful messroom there was a buzz of excited conversation. More than a hundred guests were having supper or reading and writing. A German girl was playing student songs, and a group stood round her singing.

There was plenty of cheap, good food. A three-course meal cost only one mark, and for twopenny soup was served to those who could not afford more, while a stew of meat and vegetables, enough for two hungry people, cost 6d.

Many Friendships Made

It was not an easy task for the hostesses to run the shelter. Long after lights were out an unemployed man called and begged for a night's shelter. He was given some food and advised to sleep in a neighbouring barn. At five the next morning the long-suffering ladies were again knocked up by a party of twenty girls, who ought to have told their plans the day before. Another time one of the hostesses got up at four in the morning to call a guest who had to catch a train.

Many friendships were made at breakfast and supper. There were about six English guests, and if they sat at random at any table they never failed to find courtesy. In the evenings there were many arrivals. There was a man from the German settlement in Chile. Then a great coachload of guests arrived who had come to see the Passion Play. It was a men's club from Stuttgart conducted by some pastors. Two artists from Chelsea came in, bent nearly double under their heavy packs, and dripping with rain. The return to a simple life has brought with it a surprising amount of fun and adventure.

JAPANESE QUICK MARCH

The progress of Japan in the artificial silk industry is astonishing.

She is now producing fifty per cent more yarn than we are. In five months this year she produced over 52,000,000 lbs of yarn. In the same period of 1933 her output was 33,000,000 lbs. Her exports of artificial silk cloth in the first five months of the year were 125,600,000 yards!

NEW BANKNOTES FOR OLD

A Change-Over in
New Zealand

From Our New Zealand Correspondent

New Zealanders have witnessed a complete change in the appearance of their silver and paper money during the past year.

The familiar English silver coins, which have done duty for the Dominion's small change since the early days of colonisation, have been replaced by coins specially minted for New Zealand.

More recently there has been a complete change in the appearance of the banknotes of the Dominion. In the past the six commercial banks doing business in New Zealand have each had large amounts of banknotes in circulation, each bank having a special design for its notes.

Last month these notes began quickly to disappear, for they were replaced by a brand-new set of notes issued by New Zealand's new Reserve Bank, a banker's bank not doing business direct with the general public.

The new notes of the new Reserve Bank are typically New Zealand in their design. On the back of each note is a picture showing mountain and lake, while on the front are several ornamental features, including scrolls of the Maori carving and reproductions of the kiwi, New Zealand's quaint wingless bird, and of the splendidly tattooed features of the chief Tawhiao, the Maori King who was responsible for formally declaring peace with the British in 1881.

A YORKSHIRE PALISSY Village Craftsman and His Pottery

In Arthur Mee's 1000 Heroes is told the story of Bernard Palissy, the French Huguenot who experimented for years until he succeeded in perfecting the coloured enamelware known by his name. From Yorkshire comes a story of equally fine endeavour.

Palissy was still a young man when he began his quest, with the young man's vision and ardour. Mr J. T. Morton of Hunmanby had lived and worked for 60 years when he found himself with nothing to do, and he might well have said that Life held nothing more for him. Instead, he set before himself the task of making by hand delicate Leeds ware pottery.

This pottery became famous toward the end of the 18th century when, with William Hartley's cooperation, fine cream glazed pottery was produced at Leeds, coloured only in subdued tones, and sometimes beautifully pierced.

Mr Morton did not know how to start on the manufacture of porcelain, but he set about making his own kiln. He worked from four in the morning until 11 or 12 at night, through failure after failure, and at length the kiln was completed. Then came more experiments and more failures in getting it to fire correctly, but presently the first vessel was satisfactorily moulded and fired and glazed.

Now, two years after he started, Mr Morton is making by hand Leeds ware of such a quality that experts cannot tell it from the original old ware.

THEN THERE WERE TWO

An American business man advertised lately for a shorthand clerk and received 500 replies.

After rejecting those letters which were untidily addressed, or had the stamp crooked, or were in a dirty or unsuitable envelope, or had the paper badly folded, or were defective in punctuation, spelling, or expression, he found that there were only three left.

As one of these candidates was untidily dressed, there only remained two to choose from.

RUSSIA'S NEW SERFS

Appalling Condition of
the Peasants

For many months terrible stories of the conditions on the collective farms in Russia have been published.

It has been difficult to establish their truth, but a little book on the subject has been issued by the School of Slavonic and East European Studies in London University. Contributors to this work have seen for themselves the social and labour conditions on both State and collective farms in Russia.

Peasants on these farms are as bound to them for life as their forefathers were in the bad old days before the serfs were freed. They are so heavily taxed, so badly housed, and so starved of meat and bread that their standard of living has been depressed to the lowest conceivable level.

The Bread Scarcity

It has been estimated that the population of Russia has increased from 139 to 170 millions since 1913. The amount of grain available for each person, however, is less than it was before the war, and bread still remains the staple diet of the Russian people.

Forced to export grain in order to meet its foreign payments, the Soviet Government takes so much of the annual production from the collective farms that insufficient grain is left for the feeding of the livestock and the workers themselves. Large numbers undoubtedly perish from famine.

Even the Soviet newspapers severely criticise the housing conditions on many of the State farms where the workers live either in overcrowded barracks infested with insects or are herded together in hastily-constructed shacks.

The fact is that, in determining what is good for the nation, the Russian Government stresses other factors than the stomachs of the peasants.

THE GLIDERS OF OLD MEXICO

First Machines of the Air?

The new gliding records set up lately are doubtless very wonderful, but Professor Tenenbaum has been telling Spanish scientists that the Aztecs used gliders in Mexico 500 years ago.

This Polish archaeologist has spent nine years of research among the ruins of the empire destroyed by the conquering Cortes, and one of his most important discoveries was the engraved stone he exhibited in Madrid the other day. It shows what a Franciscan missionary described long ago as "an ingenious appliance having widespread wings fabricated from the stork's feathers."

The Aztecs worshipped birds, and King Netza founded a school of aviation that his people might become more like their gods. He himself used to glide from the heights of the mountains into the deep valleys. His subjects wore goggles not unlike our own, and protected their throats with high fur mufflers.

A crude glider called a reshed was invented in the time of Solomon, but it is believed that the machines of the Aztecs were actually the first to fly.

MERRY LITTLE THING

This little poem is to sing
The praises of a tiny thing.

Her dress is white,
Her heart is gold,
She isn't quite
A morning old.

About my feet
She'll smile all day,
And nod to greet
The wind at play.

Oh, Daisy small, of you I sing,
You modest, merry little thing.

From the very charming Enid
Blyton Poetry Book (Methuen 3s 6d).

THE VILLAGE BAND

WHAT THEY DID AT RET

Hungarian Peasants Who
Found Something To Do

KEEPING CHEERFUL

These needy times have taught most of us to do things for ourselves to a greater extent than ever before.

Many people have become their own chauffeurs or gardeners, their own dress-makers, milliners, or maids-of-all-work. Lately certain villagers in Transylvania have become their own musicians.

Time was when every Hungarian village that respected itself had its own gipsy band. The Hungarians are a musical people, but in the last 700 years or so they have had their hands so full warding off Tartars and Turks and defending their liberties against the Hapsburgs that they have slid into the habit of letting the gipsies make their music for them.

The Gipsy Fiddler

Wherever men congregated (round camp fires, at weddings or birthday festivals, or dances on the village green) there the gipsy fiddler was, giving voice, as would a perfect instrument, to the melodies which slumbered in the hearts of his patrons.

Those days are over. The gipsy bands of the cities are only just able to make a precarious living, while those of the villages have vanished as though they had never been.

It was this which made the men of the village of Ret decide to supply the want themselves. Led by their parson, they procured fiddles and clarinets and before long had learned to play on them as well as any gipsy. News of their enterprise reached other villages and their example was followed.

Instruments were not always available. But the Transylvanian peasant is handy with a clasp-knife and there is plenty of wood to be got in the Transylvanian forests. Each would-be musician carved his own violin or clarinet, and soon there was music in the villages again—folk music (all true Hungarian music is that) played by folk for their own enjoyment.

A Great Day

This summer, harvest being over, the bands met for a musical festival and competition. It was a great day in the annals of the countryside. There were 16 bands in all, and an audience of 3000.

Most of the musicians played by ear only; but that did not detract from the excellence of their performance.

The jury had a hard task awarding the prizes, but did so at last to everyone's satisfaction. The third prize was won by a band of youngsters whose leader and first violin was a lad of fifteen.

Transylvania is today a land of dire economic distress and national struggle of sad hearts and an all but hopeless outlook. But we venture to think that the inmates of the 16 peasant carts which that night jogged their triumphant and melodious way back to their respective villages were lifted high above their petty daily troubles—in fact, somewhere very near the stars.

WHY NOT A POSTCARD MACHINE?

Automatic stamp machines have come as a boon and a blessing to men, and they are to be found in many countries.

So great is the demand for stamps after the post offices are closed that Germany and Switzerland have extended the idea. Stamped postcards may now be bought from special machines, and it is found that they are in constant demand.

Why cannot the British Post Office follow this good example?

FOMALHAUT

The Royal Star of the Southern Fish

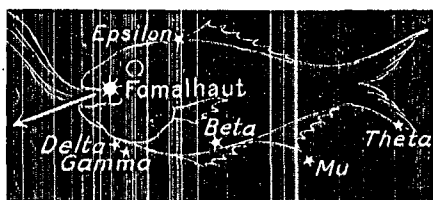
ITS ANCIENT ASSOCIATION WITH THE RISING OF THE SUN

By the C.N. Astronomer

Low down in the southern sky a very bright star may now be seen after about 9 o'clock. It is the famous Fomalhaut, the chief star of Piscis Australis, the Southern Fish. This star is almost overhead in Cape Town now and so may be best observed in southern latitudes.

The Arabic name Fomalhaut means Fish's Mouth, the star being placed like a radiant pearl in the mouth of the Fish. It shares with Aldebaran, Regulus, and Antares the honour of being regarded by the ancients as one of the four royal stars of the heavens, each one being pre-eminent over a quadrant of the heavens and one of the seasons of the year.

Over 2500 years ago Fomalhaut was, like Sirius, honoured with temple rites



The chief stars of Piscis Australis, the Southern Fish

on account of its association with sunrise at a particular time of the year.

To us Fomalhaut has a far grander and more impressive character than waiting on our Sun. It is a sun nearly twice the diameter of our own and radiates about $13\frac{1}{2}$ times more light, but from a distance 1,487,315 times as far.

Fomalhaut is, however, one of our Sun's nearer neighbours, its light taking but 23½ years to reach us. It is, therefore, nearer than Vega, Capella, Altair, Arcturus, or most of the brighter stars, and is one of the group of very brilliant "hydrogen" stars, of which Sirius, Procyon, Altair, and Vega are the other chief members.

They are so-called "hydrogen" stars because this element forms the chief constituent in their incandescent flaming atmosphere, though calcium, iron, magnesium, and other elements are also present as fiery vapours of intense brilliance and at lower levels beneath the vast envelope of incandescent hydrogen, many thousands of miles deep, which encloses the denser material of the star itself.

Speed and Distance

Fomalhaut is speeding through space at about 15 miles a second in a southeasterly direction—that is, relative to our Solar System's speed and direction in space and which consequently causes Fomalhaut to recede from us at about seven miles a second.

These great speeds appear to carry Fomalhaut across the sky only as far as is indicated by the arrow in the star-map in 50,000 years owing to his immense distance.

No bright stars appear near Fomalhaut, which will be found far below and almost in a line with the two bright stars forming the west side of the Great Square of Pegasus. About 10 o'clock Fomalhaut is due south.

A few other stars of Piscis may be discerned on a clear dark night, but they are not easily seen at so low an altitude; field-glasses will show them clearly. Beta is the most easily seen and most interesting, being composed of two stars, which are perceptible in a small telescope of two inches aperture. Theta is also double, but requires much higher telescopic powers. G. F. M.

THE UNINVITED GUEST

A Lodger For the Baboons

EXCITEMENT ON THE MONKEY HILL

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Monkey Hill at the Zoo has an unofficial resident who is attracting much attention.

Recently a small grey squirrel was running along the branch of a tree overhanging the Monkey Hill when he lost his balance and fell among the baboons. The baboons were mildly astonished by the incident, but they took no notice of the little rodent, who, finding it quite impossible to jump the ditch surrounding the Monkey Hill or regain his position on the tree, became reconciled to his new surroundings and turned his attention to some food left by the baboons.

During the next few days he made several attempts to escape, but when the keepers tried to help him he ran away. As he could not be caught he had to be left where he was. He soon made himself thoroughly at home, and is now one of the colony.

The War on Grey Squirrels

His hosts are completely indifferent to him, but he runs about among them, helps himself to a share of their food, and has even taken possession of one of the holes in the rockwork and made it his sleeping-apartment. Far from being at all depressed the squirrel is in the best of spirits, and his new home appears to be having a beneficial effect on his looks and health. When he arrived he was thin and in such poor health that he was almost bald, but now he is a beautiful furry creature.

In spite of the war waged against the grey squirrels in the parks there are still many at large in the Zoo. Lately several of them have been seen on the branch from which the baboons' lodger fell, and the Zoo authorities are hoping that others will fall on to the hill in a similar way and establish a little colony.

500 POOR BIRDS

A Word For Them at Geneva

In one year 500 birds were washed up dead on a section of the beach near Folkestone; they had all been killed by oil discharge from ships.

The Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health has been raising this question at the Assembly of the League and has pointed out to the members that our own country, by an Act passed 12 years ago, forbade the contamination of her coastal waters. But outside the three-mile limit the sea is free for all to dump whatever noisome objects they like in it, and the tides sweep in the oil and other jetsam into our bays and estuaries.

This action is not only harmful to birds but to fishes as well, whose loss will affect man more directly than that of the birds, and Mr Geoffrey Shakespeare, in his speech, suggested that the problem could be solved by the compulsory installation of oil separators in all ships. The initial cost would soon be made up by the saving of this valuable fuel for further use on the ship.

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

September 25—Sidney's Sister Passes

One of the most famous of epitaphs, this is in memory of Mary Herbert, Countess of Pembroke, the gifted sister of Sir Philip Sidney, and was written probably by William Browne of Tavistock, though often attributed to Ben Jonson. Sidney's sister died September 25, 1621.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse Lies the subject of all verse: Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother. Death, ere thou hast slain another Learned and fair and good as she, Time shall throw a dart at thee.

A SURPRISE FOR

A TRAVELLER

The Migrating Eel

A TRAP ON ITS WAY FROM ULLSWATER

For hundreds of years now eels have enjoyed the freedom of Ullswater and the scores of little moorland streams which empty therein.

In the spring, as tiny elvers, they made their way from the sea to this great inland stretch of water, travelling up the Eden and the Eamont.

Ten to fifteen years later, in the autumn, having reached maturity, they forsook the depths of the lake, and journeyed downstream again to the Solway Estuary, from which point they set off across the Atlantic to the spawning grounds situated just wide of the Sargasso Sea, midway between the West Indies and Bermuda.

Now, however, a great surprise awaits the migratory eels, for on the banks of the Eamont, about a couple of miles from the outlet of the lake, an eel trap has recently been installed.

It is now imprisoning and collecting all the eels of the Ullswater district that have decided to go to sea this year, though great care is taken to see that the ascending elvers are lifted over the obstruction, otherwise the run of eels will die out.

During Moonless Nights

It is only during the night that eels journey seaward, and then they only travel if there is no moonlight. The run of fish begins in April, and is continued until December, or later if the season has been a dry one.

As a rule the trap is visited in the morning and evening, when the gratings are raised and lowered, but when the river is running heavy with flood it is necessary to stay all night and remove the wreckage that is brought down into the trap.

Once the eels have entered the trap they pass automatically into store tanks, and from these they are taken and packed alive in boxes for transport to the London markets.

Each box is composed of a nest of shallow trays, which fit snugly one above another. The top tray is filled with ice, which melts during transit, and provides sufficient water to keep the eels quite active until their activity comes to its sad end in London.

THE CHILDREN'S STREET

Why Not Spread It Far and Wide?

TOO MUCH WHITEHALL

So many of the streets of the Metropolis and other towns are playgrounds for children that it is to be hoped the example of Salford will be widely followed.

There, as C.N. readers know, the Chief Constable has closed certain streets to wheeled traffic with splendid results. Powers were taken by the Corporation under their private Act of 1933, and it is unfortunate that a local authority cannot do anything of the sort without an Act of Parliament.

As many as 115 Salford streets have been closed, and no accident has occurred since their closure.

The fact that a local authority cannot act in the matter without the consent of Parliament again directs attention to the ridiculous position of British municipalities. It is a pity they cannot be authorised to do anything that seems good to them in the public interest. We have too much Whitehall. Our towns, in short, need the Home Rule possessed by German and other Continental cities; and a continuance of the present state of things will only serve to shake the faith of our people in our present form of Government. More power for our local authorities is one of our first public needs.



'Oh, Mummy—it's lovely!'

CHILDREN love the delicious flavour of 'Ovaltine.' And that is fortunate, because 'Ovaltine' is without equal as the daily beverage for building up robust health and abundant vitality.

'Ovaltine' provides, in a concentrated and correctly balanced form, the additional nourishment which all children need to maintain healthy growth and to make good the energy they spend so prodigally all day long.

Scientifically prepared by exclusive processes from the highest qualities of malt, milk and eggs, 'Ovaltine' is 100 per cent. health-giving and energy-creating nourishment.

Unlike imitations, 'Ovaltine' does not contain any Household Sugar to give it bulk and reduce the cost. Furthermore, 'Ovaltine' does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate or a large percentage of Cocoa.

Considering its supreme quality 'Ovaltine' is by far the most economical food beverage you can buy. There is only one 'Ovaltine.' There is nothing "just as good." Reject substitutes.

OVALTINE

Gives Energy and Robust Health

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.



Make bread-and-milk nicer and more nourish-

ing. Add a big spoonful of Nestlé's Milk.

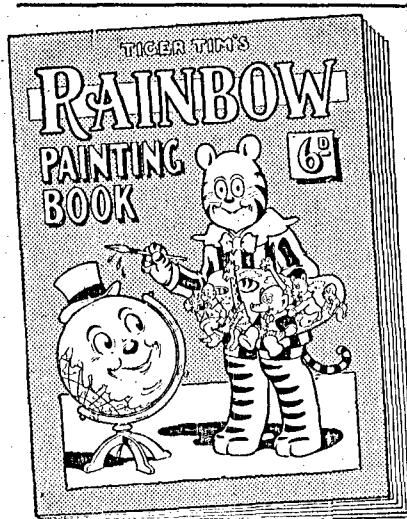
Rich and creamy—sweet and lovely—

full of the goodness that makes you grow.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

PRICES

LARGE SIZE **7 1/2^D** ★ **4^D** SMALL SIZE

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Tiger Tim's RAINBOW PAINTING BOOK

At all Newsagents and Bookstalls 6D.

A Jolly Book for Little Artists

Here is Tiger Tim's latest treat for boys and girls—a big book of picture-stories, every one in lovely colours with an outline picture opposite to be completed with paints or crayons. There are easy pictures for very small children and more elaborate ones for those who are older, including a page of beautiful butterflies and many striking features. Make sure you buy a copy.

THE PRINCESS OF THE FARMHOUSE

Life at the Old Saxon Mill

In Germany lives a princess in a farmhouse built on to an old Saxon water-mill.

Every year she invites children to stay with her for their summer holidays. Although she and her husband badly need a car, a refrigerator, and many labour-saving contrivances they refuse to make money by taking the children of richer parents as paying guests, preferring to give a good holiday to those who have not much chance in life.

"Your little house has expanding walls; I don't know how you get them all in," said a friend as she looked in surprise at the happy family round the table.

Holidays on the Farm

Gerda, a girl of 13 from Berlin, has spent her holidays at the farm every year since she was four. She travels with many other schoolchildren bound for the country at cheap rates, but English children are luckier, for they can travel in express trains with their cheap tickets. Even though Gerda starts from Hesse on the return journey at six in the morning she does not reach Berlin until night.

Fritz is one of a big family whose father has deserted them. He is a born leader, and has inherited many fine qualities from his grandfather, a famous general; but he intends to follow a more peaceable profession and goes to a farm school in term time. He is always to be seen having joy rides on farm carts, catching the chickens for market, or helping to fill water-carts from the mill stream.

Erika the Saxon

Then there is Erika, a pretty Saxon girl with long fair pigtailed; the princess adopted her when she was a baby. Her father has been unemployed for some years.

Another of the happy children is Gertrud, a slum child from Darmstadt, who is deaf and stumps badly. At first she cried all day because the strange people did not speak her language, but a month has already transformed her. She no longer looks half starved, and has put on 12 pounds. To have as much food as she likes is so unusual that she can scarcely stop eating, and she bathes in the mill stream.

One of the good things of the Hitler régime is that during the summer an increasing number of slum children from the poor districts of all the big towns are to be found in every castle, farmhouse, and cottage.

A CENTURY ACROSS THE WORLD

And What It Has Done

Someone has been saying that "little more than a century has sufficed to give meaning to the name Australian."

True, and a very remarkable truth. An island at the Antipodes is inhabited by an almost completely British stock, derived from the United Kingdom, yet its people have become distinctive; they are British, but with a difference: they are Australians.

We noted the fact in the war, when the Australian volunteers came to Europe in tens of thousands to fight for the Mother Country. They came as a body of tall, alert, wiry, aquiline men. They were different. They had acquired nationality.

How shall we explain it? Why does a particular environment change men? Why do transplanted Europeans and their descendants differ from the original stock at home? It is a promising subject for scientific inquiry.

At the end of last month 6,428,960 wireless licences were in force, compared with 5,654,400 a year ago.

THE PEACE STAMP

An Idea Worth While

GIVING THE PEOPLE A CHANCE

Many of the letters arriving from Holland nowadays are stamped with an unusual-looking bright blue stamp, showing a dove over a broken sword. Some letters from France, too, bear a similar stamp, but showing a dove with a spray of olive leaves in its beak, as described a little time ago in the C.N.

These stamps are special propaganda for the International Peace Movement. The idea is for each nation interested in World Peace to issue a regular postage-stamp of a value frequently used as a practical form of peace propaganda. No one will be obliged to use the peace stamps, but all those in favour of peace will naturally ask for them.

It is hoped that by comparing the number of Peace Ballot stamps used with the use of ordinary issues the desire of the people for peace will be made clear.

The postal authorities of many countries have expressed interest in the scheme, among them Australia, Canada, China, Cuba, Germany, Italy, Lithuania, Mexico, Newfoundland, and U.S.A.

It seems to us an admirable idea, and we hope our Post Office may be able to issue a series of attractive stamps which we may use when writing abroad, indicating Goodwill to all mankind.

HIGHER THAN ALL

Why They Named the Peak

Mount Cook, the highest peak in the Southern Alps of New Zealand, rises 12,349 feet above the level of the sea.

Aorangi was the name given to it by the brown-skinned Maori navigators who made voyages of discovery and colonisation to New Zealand hundreds of years before Captain Cook rediscovered these wonderful islands in 1769.

C.N. readers will be glad to know that Captain Cook, the Yorkshire sailor lad who became one of our greatest navigators, has his name perpetuated in such a lofty peak in the England of the South which he was the first to explore and describe.

The Maori occupants of one of the large canoes which reached New Zealand centuries ago named the peak Aorangi after a little boy, the youngest on board, and the grandson of the captain of the crew of this canoe.

Somebody asked the Maori who told the story why the highest mountain was named after the smallest person on board the canoe?

"Ah," said the Maori, "he was carried on his grandfather's shoulders, and so he was higher than any of the others."

BRIDGING THE BERING STRAIT

Can It Be Done?

Europe and Asia are likely to be joined to America by a bridge across the Bering Strait if the plans of the Russian Government are carried out.

The Soviet has been discussing the matter with Dr Charcot, the Polar explorer and engineer, who submitted a scheme to the French Academy some time ago, and Russian experts are approaching the American Government.

It was another Frenchman who, in 1909, submitted a similar project to the Tsar, but, though the strait is only 30 miles across and the sea is shallow, the scheme was turned down owing to technical difficulties. It is claimed that advances in bridge-building have now made the plan a practical proposition.

Your Share of the Peace of the World

For ITS a year you may send the C.N. each week to any child on Earth

A ZOO FREE ! !
Genuine Stamp Collectors, here is your chance to secure the most remarkable collection of zoological stamps ever offered ! ! Abyssinia (Hippo), worth 9d., Nyassa (Camels, surcharged), worth 6d., Tchad (Leopard), Tigers, Dromedary, Hippopotamus, Ant-eater, Native Drummer, Native Archer, Chieftain, and Labourers—15 Fine French Colonials—many MINT and surcharged **(THE WONDER GIFT of the year)**. Ask for "THE STAMP ZOO" and just send 2½d. for post and packing. Request Approvals. **VICTOR BANCROFT, MATLOCK, Eng.**

ALL applications for advertisement space should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "The Children's Newspaper," Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

SOMEONE'S BLUNDER LONG AGO

Slaughter of 100,000 Deer THE PRICE OF SHOOTING

From time to time we have mentioned in the C.N. the unfortunate deer let loose many years ago in the uninhabited forests of New Zealand.

Poor deer! They were turned loose in the wilds of New Zealand so that so-called sportsmen could have something to shoot at, for there were no "big game" animals in New Zealand when the first settlers went there. But the deer have multiplied faster than these animal butchers can shoot them, and they have become such a nuisance because of damage to forest trees and to the pastures and crops on sheep farms that the Government has to spend thousands of pounds to "thin out" the unwanted deer.

The latest report issued by the Government states that it "has taken active measures for years for the reduction in the numbers of deer, its tally being the slaughter of at least 100,000. The slaughtered deer, it is estimated, were capable of consuming as much grass as the livestock that could be grazed on 100 big sheep stations."

The Government is not yet satisfied with its efforts. "It is evident," adds the report, "that attention should be given to a comprehensive plan of destruction in all deer-infested areas."

WHY THEY RAN A TRIP 100 Years Ago in Cornwall

One of the oldest railways worked by locomotives in the country, the Bodmin and Wadebridge Railway in Cornwall, holds its centenary this autumn.

In 1838 an excursion was run from Wadebridge to Bodmin for the execution of the brothers Lightfoot, sentenced to death for murder. The station was opposite the prison, and the gallows was erected in front, so that the visitors could be absolutely certain of getting their money's worth!

Those who think the world is no better may remember why this railway ran a trip train, and begin to think again.

This railway was part of a scheme engineered by William James, who was responsible for many of the early lines. It took 18 months to build, and cost £35,498, involving two Acts of Parliament. There were two trains each week each way, and speed was limited to 15 miles an hour. They stopped on being hailed.

4000 MILES OF NEW ROAD German Unemployment Scheme

As in Italy, the policy of road-building is widely used in Germany as a remedy for unemployment.

At a Road Conference at Munich Herr Hess, Chancellor Hitler's deputy, told the delegates that 4000 miles of new motor-roads were planned and many started. They are to form a network covering the entire Reich.

These roads are to provide work for 400,000 people by Christmas, which means the provision of a livelihood for some 2,000,000 people.

This road work adds £60,000,000 a year to the takings of German industry, and stimulates many trades, from steel to cement.

THE PLATELAYER

Few passengers are killed on British railways, but railwaymen do not escape so lightly.

In 1933 nearly 200 were killed and 14,931 injured. The most dangerous occupation on the line is platelaying, which accounted for 52 killed and 2678 injured. Can nothing be done to better guard platelayers?

THIS CHANGING WORLD

A Tablet By the Sea FAREWELL, OLD LUGGERS

Fifty years ago a family called Latter went to spend a holiday at Walmer, near Deal, in Kent.

One of the boys passed most of his time in watching the fishermen and admiring their luggers. Again and again those luggers were launched to save the crew of a wrecked ship. Their skill and courage had made the Walmer men famous in nineteenth-century England. Several times the Latter boy helped to haul the luggers up the beach after some gallant rescue, and he regarded the seamen as heroes.

Fifty years went by, and he returned to Walmer. It was with real grief that he found the luggers gone.

The removal of the pilotage service and the coming of steam had driven the luggers out of business, and the brave men who manned them were almost entirely forgotten.

Mr Northcote Latter determined to right that wrong, and offered to give them a memorial. Sir Gerald Woods Wollaston has just unveiled it. It takes the form of an oak tablet bearing the likeness of a Walmer lugger, and it is erected on the Walmer lifeboat house.

After the ceremony a bugler sounded the Last Post in farewell to a day that is gone. But if the day of the lugger is gone for ever the spirit of the crew has not perished, and we are certain that the sons and grandsons of yesterday's heroes are as ready as their forefathers to answer the call for help.

A LAPP TELLS THE TALE Almost the First Glimpse From Within

From among the silent thousands of Lapps who rove North-Western Europe, from the White Sea to the coastal mountains of Norway, has arisen one to tell of the life of these nomads.

They remain wanderers and apart, by choice, though the ways of the Western world and its opportunity of education reach them. Anta Pirak, who now speaks for them, was born in a Lapp tent in a winter of bitter cold sixty years ago, and all the years of his childhood trod with them the reindeer paths of the freezing North.

Growing up, he was first educated for a teacher, then left teaching for reindeer droving, becoming, for a Lapp, well-to-do as a reindeer owner. But in his shrewd Lapp mind something glowed more brightly than his affection for the rough open-air life. He must tell others about it.

His early education helped him, and he had the story-teller's gift, which comes unsought to the humblest of untutored men. He began to set down tales of the roving Lapps, and he wrote them so well, and so true to the life, that Upsala University considered them for publication. Published this story of a nomad's life has been, and has been warmly praised. It is to be translated, and, strange though it may seem, it will offer the world almost the first glimpse from within of the life of the Lapps.

BETTER NEWS OF SOUTH WALES

During the last year or two South Wales has learned that it cannot live on coal alone. New trades have been started; new factories have been built; smaller crafts and industries have been encouraged.

The result is a vastly improved import trade. This year shows an increase of nearly 200,000 tons. Compared with last year exports are also up. More wool, ores, and other raw materials have been received. More finished products have gone out.

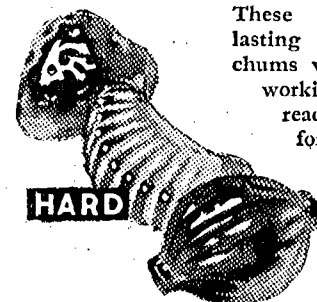


**You
can taste
the fruit
in Rowntree's**

The exact flavour of the juiciest of all fruit juices—goosegog juice—has been caught by Rowntree's and crushed into three sorts of sweets, of which, one is the sweet you like best. Gooseberry is one of the wonderful new fruit flavours that Rowntree's now offer boys and girls in these three forms, which are all equally, yet differently, delicious. Others are lemon, lime, blackcurrant, strawberry, raspberry, orange, apricot and plum. You'll find there is only one other thing in the world that tastes as these sweets taste. And that is fruit!

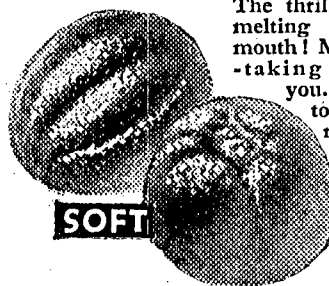
CLEAR GUMS

These are hard, long-lasting sweets—good chums whenever you are working or walking or reading. Just the sweet for the boy who must have something in his mouth all the time—and something good.



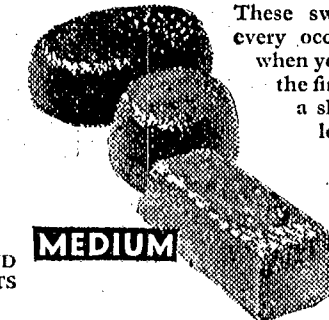
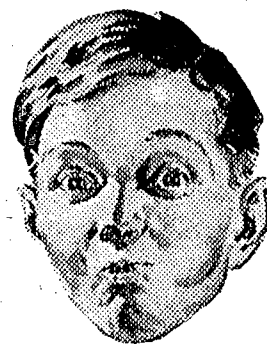
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The thrill of a delicious, melting fruit in your mouth! Moments of breath-taking enjoyment for you. The right time to eat these is when nothing can disturb you—they deserve your full attention.



FRUIT PASTILLES

These sweets suit nearly every occasion. Fine for when you're resting after the first half. They last a short while—just long enough to satisfy, and they melt quickly away when you want them to.



SOLD LOOSE, 6d. A QUARTER, AND IN PACKETS TO SUIT ALL POCKETS

SPECIAL ASSORTED PACKET

Rowntree's want all boys and girls to taste these Fruit Flavours and to remember the three forms in which they are sold: hard, soft and medium. They are offering this threepenny sampler packet. It contains an assortment of flavours in all three consistencies: Clear Gums, Juicy-Fruits and Fruit Pastilles, and it is now on sale at all the best sweet shops and confectioners. Be sure of your sampler packet. Buy one to-day.

3

THE RED LIGHT

A Mystery Story

By John Mowbray

CHAPTER 17

One More Mystery

MR LAKIN looked up as Harbour stepped in. "Well, what is it, Harbour?"

"Sir," said Harbour, trying not to sound flurried, "I just came to ask whether—whether you happened to have sent Crittall off to the sickroom?"

"You must ask Mrs Verity that. But why should she, Harbour?" Mr Lakin looked surprised. "Is the boy ill?" he asked.

"Then he doesn't know yet," thought Harbour, "that Crittall missed roll!"

Aloud, he replied, "No, I didn't know he was ill, sir."

"No more did I," said Mr Lakin.

"Well, I only mean," Harbour stammered, "he isn't about, sir."

"What are you trying to tell me?"

"I can't find Crittall, sir!"

It was out! After all, he had blurted it out like a kid. "I can't find Crittall anywhere, sir," he repeated.

Mr Lakin transferred his gaze to his table as though in search of something which should have been left there. "Now, where has Farrington put it?" he muttered under his breath. Then his eyes lighted on his paperweight. "Ah!" he exclaimed, and from under the weight he drew forth a half-sheet of notepaper, whereon three or four names were inscribed, which he scanned with some eagerness. "Yes, here we are," he announced. "Crittall wasn't in for roll-call!"

"No, he didn't get back, sir."

"Didn't get back! Didn't get back from where, Harbour?"

"He was going to the woods, sir."

"When?"

"After dinner, sir."

"Are you sure?" Mr Lakin demanded in a quick voice.

"I am almost certain, sir. I had promised to go with him. But we missed each other," said Harbour. "I went after him."

"And you saw no signs of him?"

"Not a sign, sir."

"You got back for roll-call yourself, but Crittall's not in yet, you say?"

"I can't find him, sir."

Mr Lakin leaned back in his chair, and shrugged his shoulders. "Well, well, well!" he uttered, drawing the words out. And Harbour knew what that meant, that his thoughts had got into a knot. "Well, thank you," he went on, drawing still. "You can go now, Harbour."

But the instant Harbour had gone Mr Lakin jumped up. His face had changed. It looked very serious indeed.

Bedtime came without news of Crittall. "Supposing I'd been with him, what would have happened to me?" It was a thought that Harbour hardly dared to contemplate. It was worse because he had to keep it to himself, dared not share it, being reluctant to confess his fright in the wood to the people who kept pestering him with questions of what Crittall had said when he suggested the walk and whether he'd dropped any hint about running away. For with Arnold and Birkin's departure so fresh in their minds it was taken for granted that Crittall had run away.

"He'll be found before morning," they said, as they went to their dormitories, where they continued the discussion under their breath. "You'll see! When we come down to breakfast we'll hear that they've caught him."

"But what made him go?"

"That's a mystery," it was agreed.

In all the Houses they were talking like this, for the disappearance had filtered by now through the school. But Harbour, as he lay very still with wide eyes, unhappy, and unable to get off to sleep, did not believe that, whatever Crittall might have done eventually, he had any intention of running away when he started. We will go to the woods, he had said, and spot signs of the primroses. That didn't sound much like a person who meant to run away.

In Harbour's secret opinion, if Crittall had run away he had done so on some sudden impulse or in some most sudden alarm of something or other. He had thrown down his arms, so to speak, in a moment of panic and taken blindly to his heels.

Yes, but in that case why had he rushed away from the school? would he not more likely have turned and gone rushing back?

This was the road Harbour's thoughts took, open to none except to Mr Lakin and to the Head. For to everyone else he kept a guard on his tongue; it was only when the Head, to whom Mr Lakin had taken him, as the last boy who seemed to have been in touch with the absentee, inquired if he could throw any light on the subject that

Harbour disclosed his mind in his plain, straightforward fashion. He began with Crittall's invitation some days ago. He told them how he had missed Crittall: how he had followed him: how he was almost positive that Crittall had gone to the woods: and of his own uncanny sensation among the dark trees. He admitted how frightened he'd felt; so frightened, he said, that he'd lost his head, and run back.

Then both had regarded him with a long, measuring look. And the Head had said, after glancing toward Mr Lakin, "But you don't look like a boy who'd be easily frightened! Well, well, a dark silent wood is not too pleasant, perhaps, when you're alone."

And then they had told Harbour to go up to bed and try to think no more about it that night. "Tomorrow," the Head had declared, "unless Crittall's back, you shall take me the way you went this afternoon, Harbour. You and I will go right through the wood. You won't mind that, will you?"

Harbour felt a rank coward. "No, I won't, sir," he answered. "But I'd rather go alone," he had blurted out. He was certain he had to tackle that wood by himself or else go on feeling a coward for ever.

CHAPTER 18

A Sensation in Class

IN the morning there was still no news. People were talking. Deane confided that he had been out with Mr Lakin last night, and the Head himself had formed two other search parties, consisting of the younger and more active masters.

Channing said, "But isn't he going to inform the police?"

This put Deane in rather a fix. Should he impart a confidence, or keep it to himself for a little while longer? But, considering the way that people were talking already, he judged it wiser to give them his knowledge at once. "Well, the Head is seeing Mr Gravesend about that this morning," he said, in a tone which warned them away from the subject.

But Channing returned to the charge.

A CREDIT TO JACKO

JACKO was in one of his wild moods. He had been naughty all day.

"Stop that banging!" cried Mother Jacko at last. "Oh, Baby! How careless of you!" For Baby had knocked against the work-basket and sent the cottons flying all over the floor.

Mother Jacko's patience was at an end. "Go out into the garden," she cried, "the pair of you."

Jacko caught hold of his little brother's hand and dragged him off, and their

happened. It was very unlike Jacko to forget his dinner. She put on her hat and went to look for them.

She made for the ponds, for she remembered they had gone in that direction. On her way she passed a policeman. She was just asking if he had seen anything of them when she heard Jacko shrieking with laughter.

"Oh, there they are!" she exclaimed, as she came within sight of the water.

"Stop it!" he cried, and suddenly



"You young ruffian!" cried the policeman

mother could hear them laughing as they ran down the garden path.

"Now where are they going?" she murmured, as they disappeared in the lane. "Upon my word, Jacko is making Baby every bit as bad as himself."

But Baby didn't care. He loved being with Jacko, especially when Jacko took him to the ponds.

It might be September, but it was terribly hot that morning. They were so happy splashing about that it was long after dinner-time before they got out of the water and began to dress.

Meanwhile Mother Jacko was beginning to think that something had

picking up his little brother, who was kicking like fury, he held him out over the water. The next moment there was a splash. Baby was in!

Mother Jacko screamed.

"You young ruffian!" cried the policeman, grabbing him by the collar.

"Do you want to drown him?"

"Drown him!" echoed Jacko indignantly. "You couldn't drown him if you tried. He swims like a fish. Look at him!"

And, sure enough, Baby was giving his first public performance—a great credit to Jacko, who had spent a lot of time and trouble in teaching him.

"That's no answer," he said. "Do you mean that the Head is not going to call the police in?"

"If you must have it, you must have it," Deane returned desperately. "Lakin told me last night that he knows for a fact that John Gravesend will be dead against the police. You see, when you call the police in the newspapers hear of it, and look how they'd jump at such a yarn about Bodlands! Lakin says the papers would splash it all over their columns and work up a sensation! How should we stand then?"

"Why, where we are," rejoined Channing.

"Oh, no! Not we! We should flop right down and be talked about as the school that couldn't prevent its boys from running away! We should become a laughing-stock. And that would break old John Gravesend's heart," Deane said.

"One can guess how Lakin's been talking to you," muttered Channing.

"Yes, and how the Head will talk to us all when he gets back from his interview with John Gravesend."

And Deane proved right. The school was warned that afternoon that Crittall's disappearance must be a closed subject. They accepted this because they respected John Gravesend. "For it wouldn't be fair, you know, to the old boy," they said, "to go bleating about and getting his school a bad name."

But Gastalin kept reminding them what a strange thing it was that, although the school was only in its second term, already three fellows had run away and one been removed from it!

But the work of the school had to carry on all the same, and Sunday passed into Monday, and Monday to Tuesday, and Wednesday came, and Gastalin went about muttering.

Mr Farrington's week of roll-duty expired this Wednesday; for which he rejoiced as he mounted the steps of the library, and presently hitched his gown higher up on his shoulders and treated the assembly to a loud yawn. What an interminable lot of A's there were in the school! And now for the B's.

He rattled through the B's with scarcely a pause. "And none of the young ruffians absent!" said he, at their end. But he said that to himself.

He went on: "Cashmore!"

"Here!"

"Cheal!"

"Here!"

"Christie!"

"Here, sir!"

Mr Farrington stopped. "How many more times must I tell you to leave out the sir," he groaned, "when you're answering at roll? Now, try again: Christie!"

"Here!" Christie responded, masking a grin.

"Crittall!"

"Here!"

Mr Farrington brought his eyes up with a great start. It was only from force of habit that he had called Crittall, mechanically, as the name came next on the list. Oh, somebody of course was playing the fool. "That will do," he said sharply.

"Who answered for Crittall?"

But nobody spoke. Those at the top of the line had turned round dumbfounded, and those lower down were pressing forward excitedly.

"Who answered for Crittall?" Mr Farrington rapped out again.

"Please, I answered for myself, sir. I only said Here." It was Crittall's voice, meek and puzzled, as if to inquire what was amiss.

"I merely answered Here, sir," he repeated.

They could start and gape as they liked, but Crittall it was.

Wherever had he come from? How did he get there? Nobody had seen him slip into his place, except the two or three boys immediately nearest him, as he smuggled in, rather breathlessly, at the last instant, and these could only gape in speechless amazement because talking was forbidden in the ranks during roll.

Amid the general and natural commotion Mr Farrington let the list drop out of his hand, rubbed his startled eyes and opened his mouth to say something but stopped himself, and with a nod to the boy who had picked up the list and a curt command for silence he carried on. But near the end he beckoned to Crittall. "You had better go to my room and wait for me, Crittall," he said.

"What for, sir?" said Crittall.

"Do as I tell you at once. Go and wait in my room for me."

Crittall appeared astonished, but stepped out of the line and trailed away with his look of utter bewilderment, seemingly at a loss to understand why his answering his name at roll-call should cause such a stir. They said afterwards that he looked more astonished than they did: which was saying a great deal when you come to consider that for more than three full days not a soul there had set eyes upon him!

A rush was made directly roll was dismissed, but the quarry had safely reached Mr Farrington's room. That young man strode briskly in, clapped the door to behind him, and then, without removing his cap and gown, for almost a minute he stared at Crittall in silence, as though to make sure that it was really Crittall himself and not his "double."

At last, when there seemed no longer reason to doubt, he shook Crittall's yielding shoulder, and remarked sharply: "Before I take you along to the Headmaster, Crittall, will you tell me, briefly, whatever you have been doing?"

"Why, of course, sir," said Crittall, with an air of surprise. "I have been for a walk, sir."

"For a walk!" roared Mr Farrington. "You have been for a WALK!"

"Yes, sir," Crittall said mildly.

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed the young man, whose temper was rising, having never encountered before such staggering impertinence. For imagine! Here was a boy who had run away for three days and who, when taxed to give an account of himself, calmly answered that he had only been for a walk. It made Mr Farrington reel. "Oh," he repeated, bringing his sarcasm into play. "And so you have only been for a nice little walk, Crittall?"

"Yes, sir," said Crittall blandly. "I went to the woods, sir."

"You went to the woods?"

"Yes," said Crittall. "To look for the primroses."

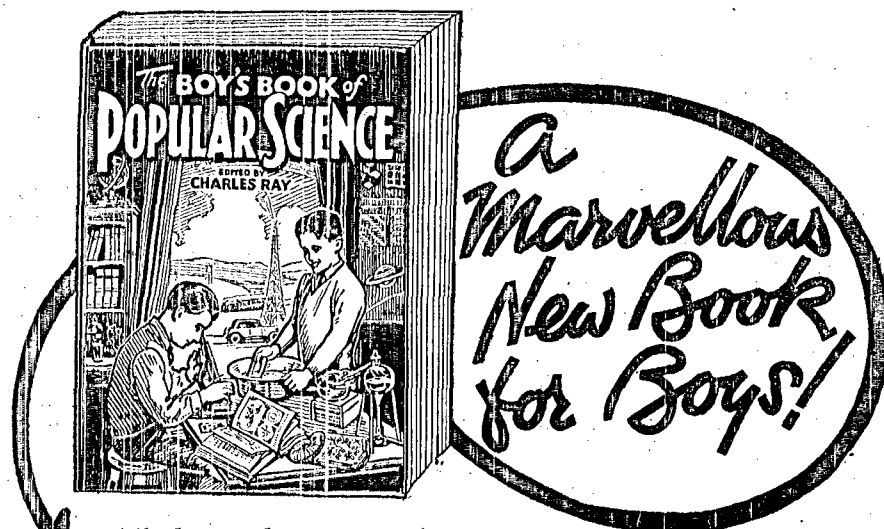
"How nice!" observed Mr Farrington, hot with derision. "And I suppose you wanted to get away by yourself in order to put in a little quiet work for the Modern Language Prize?"

"For what, sir?" said Crittall.

"For the Modern Language Prize," Mr Farrington flashed at him.

"Please, sir, I don't know what you're talking about," answered Crittall.

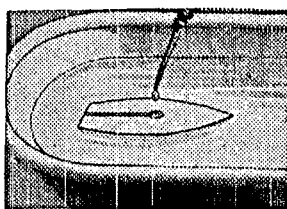
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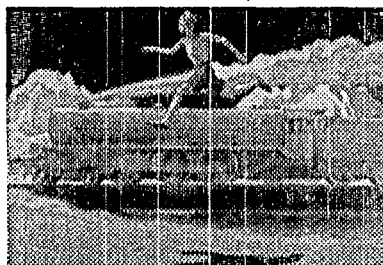
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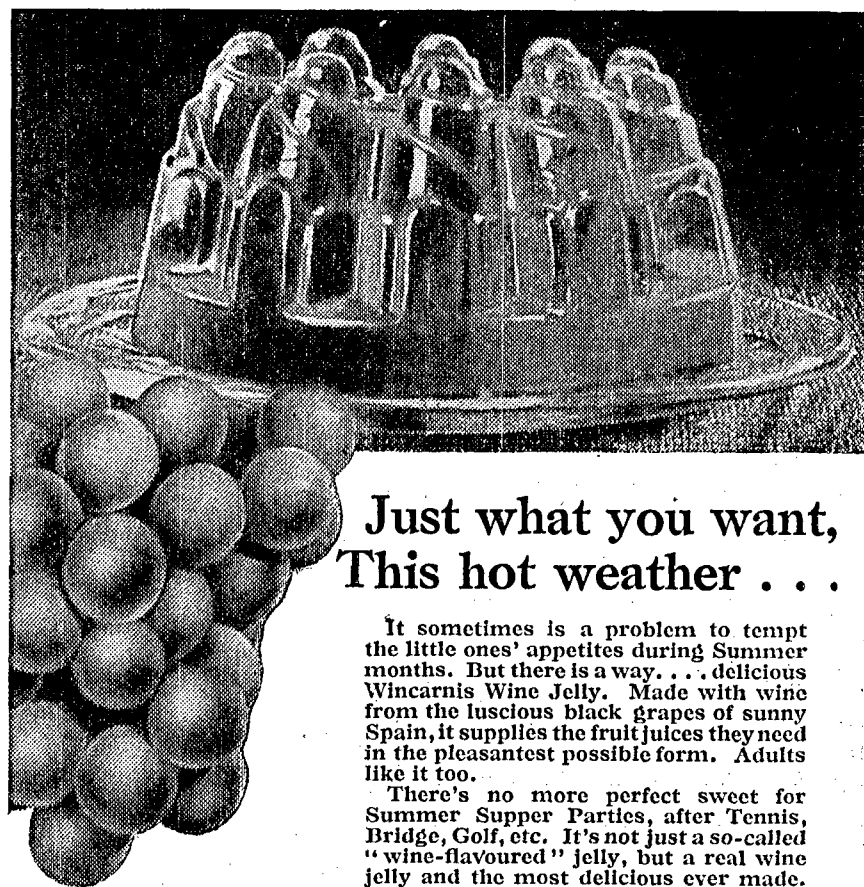


Here, for example, is one of the scores of experiments illustrated. A paper boat is made to move across the water by means of a drop of oil. As the oil tends to spread out on the water, it forces the boat forward, and so we really have an oil-driven boat.



Here is one of the remarkable facts illustrated. The pull of gravitation on the Moon is only one-sixth that of the Earth, and so if a boy were on the Moon he could jump six times as high and run six times as fast as he can on the Earth. He could race an express train at the speed at which it runs on the Earth.

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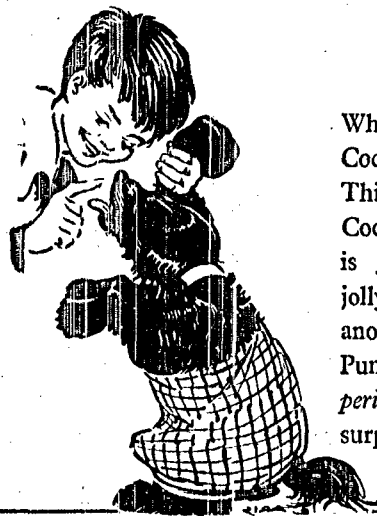
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This is Mrs. Henrietta Fussysfeathers—she's a Cococub too—and look, there's Willy Mouse. "As one Cococub to another," says Willie, "do you know anything about that great surprise for the children?" "Sh-h-h," replied Henrietta, "it's still a secret."



Of course Grannie Owl knows all about those gifts. "It's like this . . . oh dear, there goes my shop bell; excuse me." Such a pity this knowing old Cococub was interrupted, BUT...

LOOK FOR MORE NEWS NEXT WEEK!

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September 29, 1934

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THE BRAN TUB

Broken Bulbs

A DEALER bought 56 electric light bulbs at a sale for 84s the lot. But when he got them home he discovered that two of the bulbs had been smashed during the journey.

At what price a bulb would he have to sell the others in order to make a profit of 12½ per cent on his outlay?

Answer next week

Next Week in the Countryside

THE last of the martins depart for the South. The common snipe and the jack snipe appear. The autumn green carpet moth appears. Walnut and horse-chestnut leaves begin to fall. The maple and beech leaves turn yellow. The Virginia creeper turns red. Walnuts and sloes are ripe. Thrift is still found in blossom. The strawberry tree flowers.

Ici On Parle Français



Le ressort Le chauffeur Une écurie
Spring Stoker Stable

Ces fauteuils ont huit ressorts.
Le travail du chauffeur est dur.
Les chevaux aiment leur écurie.

Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in apple but not in tree,

My second's in you but not in me,
My third is in gale but not in blow,
My fourth is in rush but not in slow,

My fifth is in spear but not in lance,
My sixth is in trot but not in prance,

My whole is a month the school-boys like.

Pick the right letters the truth you'll strike.

Answer next week

A Curious Word

THERE is a word in the English language which is remarkable for the fact that it not only reads the same backward and forward, but upside-down as well. It is the word NOON.

Planting Seeds With a Gun

NEAR Dunkeld in Scotland there is an immense rocky crag known as Craigybarns. In many parts it is thick with trees and shrubs, but years ago it was almost destitute of vegetation.

There came a time when the owner, a Duke of Atholl, thought he would like to relieve the barrenness of the rock by planting trees. But it was impossible for any man to climb the crag. The duke consulted Alexander Nasmyth, the father of James Nasmyth, the

inventor of the steam hammer. Nasmyth noticed two cannon in front of the castle which had been used for the purpose of saluting, so the village fimsmith was ordered to make a number of canisters. These were filled with tree seeds, a cannon was loaded, and the canisters were fired at the face of the rock, where they burst and scattered the seeds in all directions.

Tangled Cathedral Cities

REARRANGED, the letters of the following words spell the names of six cathedral cities in England.

RICH NOW CELL AIRS
SNEER WITCH OR RUT
STEER CROW DILL CHIEF

Answer next week

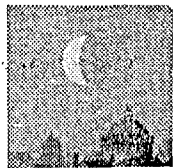
Marvellous Measurements

SOME moving parts of a motor-car engine allow only a maximum clearance of .0004 of an inch. This means that such parts must be made accurately to within a thousandth of an inch. Gauges which measure them must be of extreme accuracy, the standard of measurement in many works being the Johansson gauge block. Eighty-one of these blocks make a complete set. The largest is 4 inches long, the smallest .0001 of an inch, and by using

them in combination it is possible to obtain any dimension needed. The blocks are accurate to within two millionths of an inch at a temperature of 68 degrees Fahrenheit.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter is in the South-West, Saturn is in the South, and Uranus is in the South-East. In the morning Venus and Mars are in the East. The picture shows the Moon at 8 a.m. on Tuesday, October 2.



A Strange Coin

CHANGE the head of a coin And its worth is double, While merely to add one Would give you some trouble.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Three Legacies

Page £14, footman £42, butler £84

A Charade. Lei (lie) sure—leisure

Mixing the Colours

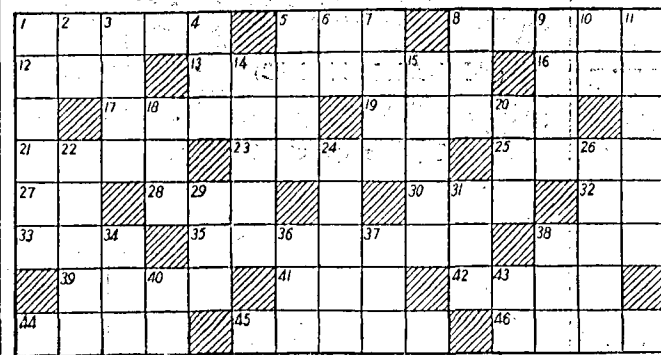
Yellow, orange, violet, maroon, magenta, white.

A Picture-Word Puzzle

SCissors, sHOvel, pOLe, Mallet, STumps, hamMER—Schoolmaster.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 50 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. A wanderer. 5. To place in position. 8. A player. 12. An age. 13. A happily expressed thought. 16. Royal Field Artillery.* 17. Pertaining to tone. 19. A popular fruit. 21. An ostrich of South America. 23. A tenet. 25. Related by blood. 27. Early English.* 28. Used for preserving timber. 30. Sometimes seen on a bed, sometimes by the fireplace. 32. Royal Engineers.* 33. Moved quickly. 35. Leaves. 38. A seed vessel. 39. A foray. 41. Devoured. 42. The first garden. 44. Poisonous snakes. 45. A native of a Scandinavian country. 46. A hop kiln.

Reading Down. 1. Closer. 2. Conjunction. 3. Partner. 4. A cave. 5. A pit for storing grain or green fodder. 6. For example.* 7. A public road-vehicle. 8. Ampère.* 9. To travel by wagon. 10. Preposition. 11. Poured down from the clouds. 14. A chaplain. 15. Separately. 18. A cereal. 20. To loiter. 22. Gives audience. 24. A receptacle for burning fuel. 26. Presses clothes. 29. To put together. 31. To employ. 34. A short sleep. 36. A clawed foot. 37. A primary colour. 38. Leguminous plant. 40. Exists. 43. To accomplish.

Dr MERRYMAN

Cool?

THE bore was relating some of his alleged experiences.

"While resting once in the Indian jungle a tiger came so close to me that I could feel its breath on the back of my neck," he said.

"What do you think I did?"

"Turned up your coat collar," suggested a listener.

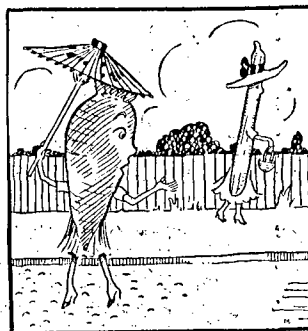
Ha! Ha!

SAMBO was pleased with himself. "I can't help laughing at that joke I heard yesterday," he said.

"What was it?" asked his friend Pete.

"Eh? Oh! I just can't remember. But de man who wrote it gave me an apple for listening."

Keeping Cool



IT cannot be heat, sighed poor Mrs Beet,

That makes my complexion so red. Miss Cucumber, I see, is as cool as can be.

And she lives in a hothouse, tis said.

Uneasy Conscience

A NOTORIOUS financier was a guest at a dinner-party.

"Ah, Mr Blank," said Mrs Bigwig on being introduced, "I've heard such lots about you."

"That may be," replied the man of money hurriedly, "but you can't prove it."

The Local Express

AS the train halted at a small country station the news became known that Sleepyville Station, some distance ahead, had been burned down.

"That's all right," drawled a man who was bound for Sleepyville, "they'll have it rebuilt by the time this train gets there."

The Difference

BILLY: I fell out of bed last night.

Mother: Poor old fellow! You must have slept too near where you got in.

Billy: Not at all, Mother. I slept too close to where I fell out.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

GORDON looked at his brothers playing on the beach, and wished that he had not to sit in a bathchair.

If only he had not had that accident, he sighed! But he was not going to grouse and mope. "I must think of a way to do something."

Then he remembered Granie's present—a money one.

"I know!" he cried. "I'll buy a camera with it, and take some snapshots."

Aunt Marion had brought them to the seaside for three weeks, and had paid a girl to push Gordon about in a bathchair until his broken leg was well again.

The first picture he tried to snap was of his brothers, Cuthbert, Donald, and James, with a fine sand castle.

Donald, seeing what his brother was about to do, and being in a bad temper, sprang on the top of the castle, squashing it all to pieces.

"You can't snap anything here," he said. "Get away with your old camera! You shan't take a photo here."

An old gentleman sitting on a seat behind Gordon's chair overheard.

"If you will take a good snap of me," he said, "I will pay you for it."

Gordon asked him to slide along the seat so that a thick bush would act as a good background, and then click! went the camera.

"Meet me here at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon, and if you have a good picture of me you shall have

your reward," said the stranger. And then he added: "Hallo! Look there!"

The circus parade of animals was coming.

"Get a good one of Jumbo," he said, "and I'll buy that too."

Gordon snapped the elephant, and also the zebra and a man with a monkey.

Then he took the films to be developed.

One! two! three! struck the clock the next afternoon as Lucy pushed the bathchair along the parade. But Gordon looked in vain for the old gentleman.

Donald, seeing how disappointed his brother looked, laughed and said: "Why, he was having a joke. He won't turn up at all, you'll see!"

GORDON TAKES A PICTURE

At that moment bump bump! bump! sounded behind them, and along came the stranger, hitting the ground with his stick at every step he took.

"And what sort of a portrait have you made of me, eh?" he asked.

And then when Gordon held it out: "Why, dear me! It's the best picture old Peter has ever seen of himself," he cried. "And Jumbo a success too! You have earned your reward, lad. Here it is in this envelope; but you must not open it till this time tomorrow."

When tomorrow came, and Gordon opened the envelope, with his brothers standing round, he drew out a five-pound note!

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